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by ABNER W. BERRY

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SCUTTLING ROOSEVELT

By THE EDITORS

EIGHT months ago Harry S. Truman stood up before Congress and the American people and pledged to "support and defend" the ideals of Franklin D. Roosevelt "with all my strength and all my heart." Neither his strength nor his heart proved very sturdy. The Roosevelt foreign policy was scuttled quickly and crudely, and Big Three unity for a people's peace gave way to Big Two imperialism for aggression and plunder. Now Truman, after carrying the FDR domestic policy around without knowing what to do with it, has decided to drop it in the nearest ocean. His message to Congress proposing strikebreaking legislation — the painless way of course—means the abandonment of the labor policy which was the core of the Roosevelt domestic program. And it means the desertion of the coalition of labor and its anti-fascist allies which was welded around that program and its counterpart in foreign affairs.

What a spectacle this is of supposedly impartial government. On one side are the powerful corporations, goggle-eyed from gorging at the trough of war profits, facing the postwar world with income after taxes guaranteed by Uncle Sam at the taxpayers' expense even if the factories don't turn a wheel. On the other side are the men and women who sweated out the vast quantities of war goods and those who sweated out victory on the battlefront so that they and their children might have a decent future. Think of it: these working men and women actually want the same take-home pay as during the war—pay that averaged in 1944 for all manufacturing industry $46.08 a week, or eight dollars less than the amount stipulated by the Heller Committee of the University of California as essential for health and moral well-being. And these men and women insist that the wage increases required to maintain take-home pay should not be at the expense of higher prices for the consumer. The corporations say no—in face of the fact reported by experts of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion that industry could boost wages and salaries twenty-four percent and still make more than double its pre-war profits after taxes.

And the government? How does Truman live up to the statement of his great predecessor that take-home pay should be maintained after the war? To the striking auto workers and the steel workers preparing to walk out he says: give up your strikes. To the billion-dollar auto and steel corporations he says: "proceed energetically with full production" (isn't that a fair exchange?). And two fact-finding boards will go through the motions of finding facts that the unions dug up and reported weeks ago. But more serious still: to deal with future conflicts the President brings out an innocent-looking time-bomb labeled "cooling-off period."

NEW MASSES does not share the faith of our liberal friends of *PM,* the *Nation* and the New York *Post* in this anti-strike gadget. We do not believe that the best strategy for labor at any time is to cool off while the iron is hot. Waiting thirty days before a strike can take effect may mean for labor the difference between a superior and an inferior bargaining position, and for capital the difference between being caught unprepared and getting set. It is for the workers to choose the time that is most advantageous for them to withhold their labor power; in most other respects capitalist society gives all the advantage to the employers.

IT IS important to explode the myth that the Railway Labor Act, which Truman cited as the inspiration for his proposal, has created a capitalist utopia that eliminates strikes without anybody being hurt. It is true that the Railway Labor Act has reduced strikes to the v nishing point, but somebody has been hurt—and i hasn't been the companies. The act has worked in such a way that a thirty percent raise requested by the operating railroad brotherhoods in January 1943 ended up as a nine percent raise one year later. It has worked so that while workers in all manufacturing industry increased average weekly earnings ninety-three percent from 1939 to 1944, workers on Class I railroads raised their pay only 48.8 percent in the same period. And it has worked so that the railroad unions have lost their fighting spirit and become mere dues-collecting and pension agencies.

The President's proposal, which has been embodied in a bill sponsored by Senator Ellender and Representative Norton, has aroused the opposition of the CIO, AFL and United Mine Workers—while the heads of the National Association of Manufacturers and Hearst's Westbrook Pegler have praised it. But the Ellender-Norton bill is not simply an anti-labor measure. It is an *anti-people's bill.* In his book, *Sixty Million Jobs,* Secretary of Commerce Wallace shows how closely related is the income of workers and the income of farmers, farm income rising or falling with labor in-

(*Continued on page* 31)

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RED BOGY IN THE SCHOOLS

By DAVID GOLDWAY

On December 1, 1945, the persecution of Morris U. Schappes technically came to an end. His two-year prison sentence, the first half of which he served in Sing Sing, Dannemora and Walkill, and the second half of which he spent under the surveillance of parole authorities, expired. For the first time since his indictment in March 1941, Schappes is again a free man. Except for the matter of restoring his full civil rights, the Schappes case is over.

Yet, is the Schappes case really over? Is the shameful blot cast by the Rapp-Coudert inquisition of the hysterical 1940-1941 days expunged by the expiration of the prison sentence of its chief victim?

In his last public utterance before he went to jail, his statement to the court on receiving sentence, Morris Schappes warned that the greatest sufferer from the Rapp-Coudert terror and the Dewey-Goldstein "perjury" conviction would not be Schappes, nor even the forty or fifty teachers who lost their jobs along with him. The most alarming thing, he said, the most powerful reason for suspending his sentence and bringing to an end the witch-hunt of which he was the center, was what was happening to City College and to the school system of New York.

Speaking to Judge Jonah Goldstein, who was about to pass sentence on him, Schappes declared:

"I wish your Honor or deputies of your Honor could have gone into the college halls and got some of the men who are not in any way connected with this particular situation, got them to describe the situation now. . . . An intellectual pall is settling upon the college. People do not want to be seen speaking to other people, although they are personal friends, for fear that somebody will say, 'Well, so-and-so doesn't talk to the right people about the right things.'

"That is not an atmosphere in which a college can flourish. My sympathy goes out to the students who have to sit before teachers who will be afraid to answer questions that will be put to them—because the students *will* put questions—and the teachers will be afraid to answer them, not often because they do not know the answers, but because they do. Is that an atmosphere in which a college—the largest municipally-supported college in the world—can such a college flourish in such an atmosphere?"

Schappes was right. The chief victims of the Coudert conspiracy were the schools and colleges of New York.

And what happened in New York was but the most spectacular act in a drama that was played throughout the country. The story of New York's schools and colleges could be retold in terms of almost any community in the nation. The only difference is that the Coudert Committee, because it was operating in the most advanced, the most progressive center of America, had to employ star-chamber proceedings and jail sentences to accomplish what was achieved elsewhere without fanfare but with no less deadly effectiveness. The end result was very much the same. As a consequence, today we hear cries of panic from almost every part of the educational world. There is hardly a state or city in which there is not a school crisis. The teacher shortage has reached scandalous proportions. In the colleges, postwar perspectives are so barren that our leading scholars are trying frantically to patch things up by ponderous Harvard Plans, which beg the central issue and leave the problem no nearer to solution than before.

Let us look at the story of Morris Schappes' City College and what the Coudert Committee did to it. Perhaps the moral of that tale will give us the answer to our present educational crisis.

There was a time when City College and its sister municipal colleges were known throughout the country as outposts of progress, democracy and intellectual achievement in the field of higher learning. City College boys had the reputation of being the smartest, the most alert, the most courageous. They showed the way to their fellow students everywhere in the land. They protested when their president brought a "good will" delegation from Mussolini's Italy into City College's Great Hall (and twenty-one of them were expelled). For this and other reasons they fought their president, the little umbrella-toting dictator, Frederick B. Robinson. And he was dismissed. They helped to build the American Student Union on their own campus and throughout the country, winning for the colleges the appellation, "fortresses of democracy."

City College teachers, in the days of Morris Schappes, also made their mark. Like their students, they too battled Frederick Robinson, who boasted in the depression days that he could buy Ph.D.'s like sacks of coal, for $800 a year. Along with teachers in the other municipal colleges, they built a union and won decent salaries for teachers, as well as tenure in their positions. They made collegiate history by winning the establishment of faculty democracy, including the election of department chairmen. They organized an Anti-fascist Association way back in 1935, when anti-fascism was still very, very premature. Their activity stimulated others, and in the late 1930's organizations like the American Federation of Teachers and Franz Boas' Committee for Democracy and Intellectual Freedom became national forces of tremendous power.

What do you hear from these same city colleges today? The last four years certainly were years when they should have been giving leadership and inspiration to the rest of the country, as they did a decade ago. Unprecedented problems faced the academic world as the college-going generation, practically to a man, donned uniform. A soldier-youth had to be trained under wartime conditions and at a wartime tempo. Above all, that soldier-youth had to be equipped with an understanding of the war in which they were about to risk their lives. They had to learn how to shape history—in the war and in the peace to follow.

Among teachers and intellectuals throughout the country, there were efforts to meet the situation. During the war such organizations as the National Education Association came forward with positive, though somewhat limited, programs to help our schools play their role. There came into being the Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions, drawing into political activity infinitely broader sections of cultural and intellectual workers than had ever been involved before. More recently, the world political implications of the atom bomb swept our scientists into the very center of our national life, and a great many of them are now giving us a demonstration of courage and political awareness of which their fellow teachers and scholars can be proud.

A few years ago the city colleges

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would have been in the center of such movements. Yet today one will look almost in vain for the names of teachers from the municipal colleges on the rolls of the Independent Citizens Committee or among the scientists speaking out for international control of atomic power.

What is true of the teachers is equally true of the students. Today at the city colleges there are no longer the same dramatic demonstrations protesting against intervention in China, for example, that there were on Ethiopia or Spain or shipping scrap iron to Japan a decade ago.

Why is this so? Because the pall of which Morris Schappes spoke still rests on the city colleges' gothic towers and muffles everything that goes on within their walls. Confronted by the greatest challenge they have ever faced, they find themselves impotent as the result of an anti-Communist witch-hunt carried on four years ago.

The mere removal of one man, or even fifty, does not, of course, completely explain the sad degeneration of the municipal colleges during the past few years. But the indisputable fact is that since Schappes left, the voice of the city colleges has to all intents and purposes been silent on every major question. The one or two who have tried to sound a progressive note have heard their voices echoing in hollow halls. The jailing of one man has terrorized a hundred; the firing of fifty has silenced a thousand.

Most alarming, though not at all surprising, is the sterility of "extra-curricular" activity in the colleges, which has been only a reflection of sterility in the classrooms. A more confused lot of men and women has never come out of the municipal colleges than those who attended during the war years. Because they were not helped to understand the world in which they lived or the war that had engulfed that world, many felt that their lives were being wantonly offered up in a meaningless cause; many others marched off with their heads full of roseate illusions. Many looked upon their own postwar prospects with hopeless gloom; many more evaded the problem by hiding behind platitudes learned in ivory tower classrooms. Neither outlook was calculated to make the best soldiers, nor did either help to make intelligent veterans.

This, by and large, is what came out of classrooms in which teachers did not dare, or did not know how, to answer questions. Is it any wonder, then, that we read newspaper stories telling us how our soldiers in Germany, a number of them no doubt college students from New York, are falling under the influence of Nazi propaganda, swallowing the line (as Tania Long reported in the New York *Times*, September 29) that Germany had no choice but war, that the Russians, British, Belgians, Poles, are really worse than the Germans—for, after all, doesn't Germany have modern highways, chrome plumbing and well-dressed girls?

UNFORTUNATELY, the colleges were not the only sufferers from the Coudert investigation. The effects of the inquisition reached the younger children in New York's elementary and high schools. The very year, 1941, when the newspapers were plastering their front pages with the lurid testimony concocted by Coudert and his witnesses, the New York school budget was cut by $5,500,000. The Teachers Union, stalwart champion against the budget-cutters, had its back to the wall as it strove to protect its membership lists from the Coudert Committee and defend the dismissed teachers, while at the same time fighting against expulsion from the American Federation of Teachers. It could not stop the budget cut. Nor could it prevent the stifling "thought control" pall from seeping into the city's schools. Behind the anti-Communist smokescreen, the real knife fell—on the children.

Since the Coudert days school budgets have continud to shrink. Today the school system is reaping the bitter fruits

Liberate the Campuses!

MORRIS SCHAPPES is back. His parole ended on December 1, and he can almost resume the life of an American citizen. Almost—for by the terms of his railroaded sentence he is still deprived of the vote and certain other of his civic rights. This preposterous after-injustice will, we hope, soon be ended. With these remaining fetters Schappes returns to the struggle for a freer America. Welcome back!

But the Schappes case is not over. As Mr. Goldway here makes clear, the chief sufferer of the reactionary drive which rode to its climax in Schappes' imprisonment, is the American educational system. For years the numbing shadows of the witch-hunters have hung over it. For years it has known little real freedom. It is time to win it back!

The First World War was accompanied by a similar invasion of intellectual liberties. An aroused public opinion won back the lost freedom and the victims of hysteria and repression were restored to their positions. It is time for the restoration of liberties lost during the Second World War.

Can such organizations as the Teachers' Union, The College Teachers Union, The Independent Citizens Committee of the Arts, Sciences and Professions wait much longer to take up the fight for full and effective intellectual freedom in America? They can be sure of the support of every progressive American. Let the immediate objective be the restoration to their positions of the fifty-odd college teachers who were driven by the witch-hunters from the New York City colleges.

Many of these men, by their services in the American armed forces, finally disproved—even to blinded reactionaries—the charges of disloyalty leveled against them. And America's alliance with the Soviet Union proved the value of the good relations with the Soviet Union which they had advocated. Seldom has history made such fools of inquisitors and so soon vindicated their victims.

These fifty men were discharged on the basis of a resolution adopted on March 17, 1941, by the Board of Higher Education in New York, setting political qualifications for the first time for teachers in the city colleges. This resolution must be rescinded and the fifty teachers restored to the positions in which they are needed and for which they have doubly proved their qualifications. For the living realization of intellectual freedom in America, let every progressive American get behind this drive!

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of the Coudert philosophy of education. In the past few weeks there has developed in New York City's schools a situation which, unless checked, can paralyze not only its educational system, but the whole city. While the antiquated machinery of the schools falters and groans under the oppressive load it has been starved into bearing, the seething crisis within breaks out into such ugly incidents as the recent anti-Negro riots at Benjamin Franklin High School. Karelsen resigns from a Board of Education committee, disgusted with what he sees in the schools, and there is a little flurry of publicity. A popular movement, sparked by the Teachers Union, slowly —all too slowly—begins to take shape, but the school authorities refuse to budge. The crisis remains.

As in the case of City College, it would of course be crass over-simplification to attribute the current school situation solely to the persecution of Schappes. But the connection between the two is much less far-fetched than one might at first glance imagine. There is a deep and inexorable logic to such things. In 1941 the people of New York retreated before the Coudert Committee, allowing it to jail Schappes and ride roughshod over the schools. In 1945 they are paying the price.

Compared to what has happened to our schools and colleges, the immediate victims of the Coudert witch-hunt have fared very well indeed. Schappes himself turned adversity into advantage. His persecution only added steel and stature to his character. His indomitable will found ways for productive work and expression even in jail. The splendid poem that appears in this issue is only one of the fruits of his sojourn behind prison bars. While at Walkill, he planned and carried out preparatory work on a project of ambitious proportions. The first results of this work will be made available in a volume, to be published in a few months, of source and documentary material on the history of the Jews in America.

As for the other Coudert victims, they too found ways of transforming the colleges' loss into the people's gain. Denied the right to teach in the city's schools, a number of them built a school of their own, the School for Democracy, which later was absorbed by the Jefferson School, now a flourishing giant giving leadership to the whole country in progressive adult education.

Thoughtful people, both in and outside of academic circles, have been expressing growing concern over what is going on in our schools and colleges. In the *Saturday Review of Literature* a few weeks ago there appeared an eloquent if confused piece by Prof. Joseph A. Brandt, entitled, "Is the Scientist-Scholar Ready for Leadership? The Responsibility of the University in Peace-Making." What heresy, Professor Brandt! Don't you know that the school system of the largest city in the country had to be "investigated" because men like Schappes said ten years ago that the university—its teachers and its students—did have a social responsibility for peacemaking, and for other things, too? (And where, by the way, were you, Professor Brandt, when the fight for the very thing for which you are now pleading was raging in Mr. Coudert's star-chamber?)

The significant fact is that the forces that insist that school and society cannot be torn asunder are once more arising. Under the impact of a crystallizing imperialist reaction in America, the great democratic majority which gained strength and understanding in the anti-fascist fight will not allow the clock of history to be turned back. Teachers will be organizing, will be joining hands with the rest of the labor movement for adequate wages, for full employment, for a land in which there will be no paradox of thousands of teacherless schools and hundreds of thousands of jobless teachers. Students will be demonstrating for hands off China, for the abolition of Jim Crow, for every decent human cause—because our students will be learning in their classrooms that the world is their textbook, and that one cannot learn from such a textbook unless one is simultaneously taking part in creating it.

Efforts will be made to stop this tide. Just as the Rankin Committee is trying to muzzle radio broadcasters, movie script writers and other intellectuals, so there will be new Couderts who will seek to prevent our schools from speaking the truth. But today the Rankins and Couderts will not have such easy sledding. Organizations like the Teachers Union are much stronger than they were four years ago. There are Independent Citizens Committees. There is a powerful, militant CIO, whose New York State Chairman, Louis Hollander, has already indicated that the whole labor movement is going to take the offensive this year against the enemies of education.

The fight—Schappes' fight—the people's fight—goes on.

TIME DONE!

By MORRIS U. SCHAPPES

Doing Time
Time when bars screen the vision, sift and arrange it,
Measuring landscapes into unlovely strips, unnatural,
Reducing to parallelograms the fields, trees, mountains,
clouds, the moon, morning mist, and dreams
Until the lines seem grooved in the glasses I wear.

Time precious, measure of life, recorder of quality,
Time the enemy of death, minutely leading to it,
Time to be counted
Every two hours on the hour,
Counted, counted and counted
Like the coin of grey miser
Lest one be missing
And sirens blow, guns are drawn, hounds run and sniff,
cars fan in all directions, and soon soon soon the
blond foolish young rabbit is brought back,
Counted,
And the number doing time is certified, recorded, sealed,
and filed.

Time, hand clenching and unclenching, when blood drips
slow
Into a Red Cross sterilized jar in the barred hospital,
Blood free, equal and civilian,
American blood, red color dripping dripping from arms
colored

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White, black, yellow, red, blood of no faith and all faiths,
Of Christian, Jew, pious and non-believer,
Blood the victor of time and space,
Blood that will yet extend the time of soldier stricken bloodless,
Blood doing time given to doom the German enemy of time, the Japanese hand on time,
Blood dripping, our one acceptable donation to liberate the hands of clocks,
Ours too the right, the need, to set time right,
And set clocks moving forward,
Minute hands and hour hands overtaking each other
Liberating nations, recording freedom
Setting free also, measure by measure,
Prestes in Brazil, Vito Bolilio, American bombardier in German prison camp,
And the bones of Ernst Thaelmann in the dishonored soil of Germany
Setting free all
Men doing time.

* * * *

Time when
Father's time has run out,
Time for my
Visit under guard, guard discreet and unobtrusive, considerate guard, but guard
Three hours time to see Father's bones in a Bellevue bed,
Time to see a scrapped worker's cancerous life knotted in cancerous pain,
Time to hear, hot eyes dry,
Paternal benediction faintly breathing words not faint,
"Good-bye—and be strong"
Time to return to the barred vision
Time to remember the words to remember
Doing time.

* * * *

Time for the Visit
The week's eager climax
Sonya comes she comes
Wife
Tender fearful tense companion
Visitor now
Sentenced though not named by the Judge
Eyes and hands locked uttering what Uniform cannot overhear
In a roomful of whispering troubled couples and noisy families,
We
Chairs discreetly placed decorous when indiscretion and indecorum pump the blood
Affection rationed
By Vigilant Uniformed Eye and Regulation harshly voiced
Clockhands now racing, ungeared to the mind's weekly reluctance,
Geared to the merciful merciless Sun,
Objective unerring natural clerk of Time
Suddenly, always suddenly, guard
Announces
Pronounces
In Uniform Voice—
Visits are over
Over and over and over
Time and time and time
Until
The time of visits ended brings
Time of joined life and home
But now
Climax climaxed in the weekly confused mournful desperate kiss
And then the catastrophe
Once more, another week and another
Of doing time.

* * * *

And
Back to the cell
Place where numbers "lock" but do not live,
Stone for floor, stone for ceiling and walls,
Hard, hard on feet, fingers, leaning shoulder, eyes, lungs and especially the mind;
But the window, barred—
But your own window, personal
For you to open to shut
For your heat your cold
Oh the memories windowless of Sing Sing and Dannemora
And the general sweat and the general freeze
Determined by Uniform.

The cell
Bed, books, metal table and
My picture gallery:
Pasted undefacingly on the wall in a row
My gallery—Sonya, Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin, and Sonya
Boundaries and motive spirits of
My meaningful and valued one world.

And framed in snapshots
Sweet tireless Ruth with her Ben in France
Henry in Italy
Jeannie at the army post
Dick the top sergeant with his
Brother Don dead in an army plane crash
And his brother Warren
And Eugene, Lew and Iven, fired
From a place of highest learning
For anticipating truth,
Scientists trained;
And Ruth and Annie and Ruth and Gertrude and Fanny and the Austin kids and somebody's dog
Snapped at a picnic to raise money for Spain
Long before the New York *Times* decided (has it yet?) that Spain
Was a "tragic mistake" (but not
Not its own)

And sharp in the memory though unpictured
John foremost, scorching his bridges like Ukrainians scorching earth, the brave and loyal, wise and critical, friend of friends,
Ken, finally shipped overseas,
after fighting in the army to be allowed to fight,
with a Coudert record clanking from his ankles,
Ken who understood the role of Finland long before Dewey and Hoover and even Roosevelt not to mention the New York *Times* or the Board of Higher Education that fired him for daring to know

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Jetta, fierce against the enemy, sternly screening loyalties
with chill look,
Jetta and her Dave
Long-sought, new-found, so soon "missing in action"
Then
Reprieve—when the heart stops and pounds—
He lives, Prisoner of War, in Nazidom
And Big Dave, classmate in Milton and Shakespeare
And extracurricular Eliot and Pound,
Colleague
Comrade in political action
Dave quiet and deep, winning eloquence with new
convictions,
Wrenched from his students by Coudert and tossed
Full-time into leadership
Fred, slender and mild
Writing reflectively that he will soon have been teaching
Twenty-five years—
Fifty semesters
Six collegiate generations!—
Writing to my heart
That teachers need to be more worthy of their
students—
He, most worthy,
He, whose students know his worth
And Jack, big and decisive,
Spurning the stale security of the academic office,
First of our college fistful to proclaim he was
Communist—
Going to Boston to sink new elm-roots
Immigrant's son leading
State Street and Ireland's poor
Rhode Island Poles
Maine Canadians
And Vermont's granite farmers scrabbly
Moving with them forward
For vital security, social and free;
Busy
But regularly hoarding time for
A free letter to me unfree
Comrades old—
And all the others
Comrades in struggle loved and honored,
The not-named, O believe me, not forgotten.

And the remembered comforting faces voices questions
answers
Of students
The raw rewarding stuff, gathered during fifteen years
For what you can teach
And what you can learn
Sharp is the memory
Doing Time.

* * * *

The necessary refreshing daily ritual of communication
Letters
Letter received, letter read, letter re-read
*Rites of Spring, Hymn to Joy in The Ninth, Fugue and
Toccata, Leningrad Victory Symphony, Sometimes
I Feel Like a Motherless Child*, cantorial chant—
all and more in the daily letter
Written in love and anguish, read in anguish and love
Letter daily written on the small cold metal table
Window bars at my back
Form to be properly filled (or letter doesn't go out):
My name; #3249; Shop-Kitchen; Written by—and
number.
Addressed to: Mrs. Sonya, Street, City, State, and—
the routine indelicate question: "Relationship"
and the monosyllable formal: "wife"
The daily proud recording of
The permanent beautiful fact
Letter always beginning "Beloved," always ending "Love!"
plus the
Panoply of regulation: full name and #3249
Letter beginning and ending but
Excluding the intimate names and appellations foolish
Bashful and proud before the prison-censor's protruding
eye
Excluding darling and sweet and sweetheart and dear one
and dearest
Excluding the lovely lovable Sonya name, with the o always
long, so;
Excluding and excluding and
Omitting the unrelenting increasing weight of confinement
and separation
Omitting the longing daily renewed and daily checked with
daily greater effort
Omitting the self-surprising sigh, the stare abstracted in the
cool weak tea shared lonely at mess tables for ten
Omitting
Seeking to hide the ever-present premises from her who
reads omissions with love's own eyes
Omitting, and omitting, maybe not omitting enough
Storing all tenderness and passion unspent,
Shelving them in the restless mind, repressing them in the
tight nerve
Until they shall "tear with rough strife"
When, unkenneled from bars but still leashed on Parole,
We meet meet meet again,
Release day,
In privacy disallowed
While doing time
While doing time

* * * *

Time for recreation, relaxation
Time for escape with no hounds chasing
Time for the movie Saturday night
Time for the white shirt if you own one, the shined shoe
and hair wet
Time to take your best self to the Show
Time for gazing with special inmate absorption at the
shadows of an "outside" more magic to those "inside"
than any outsiders can tell
Time, when grey clothes and grey walls and grey beds
have greyed mind and hair—time for gorgeousness
in raucous TECHNICOLOR
Time for the Show
Darkness and
The exclusive audience exclusively male avidly submits to
Taunting ironic stimulus
Of Hollywood's
American Shapes, Inc., the Big Business of Beauty
Time for hoarse ribaldry
For bold ingenious American whistling
For the deliberate boisterous sigh
For the noisy groan and sad undertone
Hollywood's One Idea, Inc.
Mocking the One Privation, Unlimited

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Time for show-break and the clatter back
Time for after-images, mouthed slobberingly in the wash-rooms
Above the din of many waters,
And taken to narrow mateless beds
Time for mating with shadows
Of Lamarr and Lamour
Or with numberless posed anonymous thighs
Projected at all angles, elevations, and gestures
By Hollywood's all-seeing and
All but all revealing
Lenses
Time
Time for beginning another week
Of doing time

* * * *

I who would do time no murder
Who am time's miser
Time's hoarder
Building walls against Uniformed invasion of
My Time, Mine
Mine not to waste
to pass
to lose
to kill
Mine to use
To use as those did not want it used who sentenced me
To doing time

Using Time
Doing Time
Is my resistance movement
my underground activity
my sabotage of a disabling sentence
my sapping of Nazi bridges
my Tito my Chu Teh
My pledge I keep
Given three days before surrender to doing time,
Blake's pledge my vow:
I shall not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land

The secret weapon of the mind
Mine now to refine, burnish, oil

Reading
Thinking
Reading every hoarded hour, finding hours others squander
Up an hour before the others, in winter darkness
Kneading hours out of scraps of minutes
Reading until Uniform flicks out the lights always in the middle of a sentence
(Freedom, once the Sentence
Of Doing Time is done,
Freedom is the inalienable right to pursue a sentence
To its happy end)
Reading
Thinking
Sinking the diamond drill of Marxist American thought
Deep and deep
Into American historic earth
History of successive, advancing, fertilizing
Waves of liberation
Powered by the moon-tides of the People of the World flowing ever forward
Drowning and dishonoring vain Canutes
Who whisper, "back"

Deep and deep
Learning to love America
The way Dimitrov loves Bulgaria
Dimitrov, who thundered his Bulgarian pride
Full into the snout of Goering
In Goering's Leipzig court,
And Dimitrov, subverter of Fascism,
Flew free to
Moscow
There to teach the world

Sucking pride of country
From materialist study of American ideals
American deeds
promises
Seeing a nation growing and dividing, growing by dividing,
Growing into the most complex of national unities, still incomplete,
Growing through crisis, loyalty, sacrifice, persecution
Through the work of the people
The labor of their hands with tools
The sweat of their minds with ideals
The people

And the people's leaders
Tom Paine the familiar Tom
Washington
Sam Adams
Thomas Jefferson the formal Thomas, for, if not of, the common people
Jefferson forging our greatest Words
casting them so the world cannot forget them
these our new horizons
American words, tidal words:
"all men free and equal"
(would you forget the all?)
"inalienable rights"
"educate and inform the whole mass of the people"
"life, liberty and the pursuit"
Words that have become deeds
Words still to become deeds
Jefferson, who bought us two-thirds of a continent
To make room for our horizons

And old Abe Lincoln, of, by, and for,
Fred Douglass, of slavery, for freedom,
Teacher to Lincoln of the strategy of unity,
Of the two-fisted fight, Negro and white,
Against slaver's secession
Debs, Gene Debs, leader of the disinherited,
Debs who knew one war from another,
Who smelled an imperialist war long before
Wilson recognized it and died
Broken, vain architect of a people's universal house
On an old imperialist foundation,
Limiting his blue-print to five-sixths of the earth
So Debs did time and
Wilson's ghost does penance
Roosevelt—no need to say which first name
Motion uneven and exasperating
Symbol of a country a people
Uneven and exasperating
Naive and slow

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Mighty when aroused
Careless of its might
Roosevelt dealing anew with the people
F D R
Straightening up cubit by cubit
Standing tallest at Teheran
Roots deep in a people grown firm,
Until
Re-elected and re-elected

Antonio Frasconi

The people confident of themselves
More confident than when
They limited Washington and others to two terms
Deciding to keep their leaders
As long as they will lead

These the leaders of leaders
Strategic marshals of the
Movements of the people

Sucking pride, deep pride
From the captains, lieutenants, the sergeants
Deep and deepest pride from first class privates the numberless
Great rank and file of America my America
The immigrants all Americans all
The Negro the white
The men of many faiths in the land of no Established Faith
The men of no faith (I one) except in the people
Except in America
Except in the Nations United
The private citizen, private worker, private soldier
Organizing, working, shooting—all for the public good

And the women of my America
The pioneers facing the defending, scalping Indian,
Fanny Sellin, head bashed in (have you seen the picture?)
By the savage steel trust in 1919;
Abigail Adams, Sojourner Truth and Mother Bloor;
The Mayflower Mothers and
The Jewish steerage Mothers, a million of them coming (mine too!)
In the East European migrant tide
To a refuge in the land of refugees
Mothers without money;
Betsy Ross—and the Nurses' Aides,
Molly Pitcher—and the WAVE and girl Marine;
The Lowell Factory Girls—and Douglass Aircraft's airplane builders
In bandanna, lipstick, and slacks
Mothers bereft
Wives widowed
Sweethearts lonely sweet

And the trade unions of my America
First recollections
Memories bitten in the bone,
Growing with the years—
I then eleven and twelve
Four or five years out of the steerage,
And
Father suddenly home on a Thursday in broad daylight
With men
Strong, squat, heavy, Jewish worker-men
Introductions and anxieties
And the worker-men file into the tenement-parlor
The door shuts
On mother and me in the kitchen
While the Strike Committee meets—
Meets, plans and meets, day after day
Father stern then, a bloodless line his mouth,
Mother fretful,
I eager and unobtrusive
Father's strikes pay for high school, pay for college,
But father worked fifty years
And never had a vacation
This the recollection my background to history
Philadelphia shoe workers, Americans
First to use the right to strike
The printers, bakers, carpenters and cloth-makers;
The National Labor Union, seed not wasted
No people's seed is wasted,
Ever,
For the people long remember seed;
The Knights of Labor, knightly bold,
The American Labor Union—Negroes
Organizing themselves the fruits of emancipation—
Do you know Myers, do you know Reid?
The Haymarket Hangings,
Eight men to hang
For the Eight Hour Day;
The American Federation of Labor, lusty in birth,
Gray too soon, quarrelsome before its time;
The immigrant Jewish needle workers, crossing continents and worlds,
From Czarist pogrom to golden America;
Enforcing "American" ideals
Outlawing the sweatshop,
Sowing tomorrow's ideals in the soil of yesterday's labor movement,
Inspiring former immigrants, now native Americans,
With new methods and goals, new determination
Slavic miners, Italian shoe workers, Irish transport men—
Inspiring all
Tom Mooney—Muni they cried in Petrograd, Free Muni,
And Wilson let him live;
Sacco and Vanzetti, heirs of Mattei, Mazzini, Garibaldi;
Murdered with legal current switched on
By a Boston judge,
A Harvard president,
And a press indifferent to justice

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and to a world crying "NO"
The New Birth—labor in crisis labors
The old moon releases a new tide in new channels, cut deep
The American Federation of Labor splits with new life
Mark the Birthday, November 10, 1935, of
C I O
C I O
C I O
The trade unionists of America
The many but insufficient millions
Learning
Learning democracy in their unions
some learning late, all will learn
Learning independence in their unions
Learning the brotherhood and discipline of class
Learning comradeship—Negro and white, Jew and Christian
Learning to serve wife, child and flag in their unions
Learning
Doing
I
Now learning from all their past deeds and present doings

* * * *

Learning also of my Jewish past
Studying the autobiography
Of my Five Thousand
Seven Hundred
And Five
Years as a Jew
Learning of
My first arrival in New Amsterdam to escape
The Inquisition's gallows in Brazil, 1654
Learning of my migrations and transmigrations
Of my Sephardic great great grandfathers, first colonists
And some Polish cousins like Haym Salomon and
German uncles like the merchant Hart
Of my German great grandfathers of '48, many moving west
Of my Russian-Polish-Rumanian-Hungarian grandfathers
The millions now
Not the former thousands
"The homeless, the tempest-tost" that Emma Lazarus
Sang onto bronze on the Statue of Liberty
My own Russian father, closing a triangular migration
From Russia to Brazil to the Port of New York
In 1914, I then aged seven
Learning my America was home for centuries
To the freest of Jews
Until in Socialist Russia the liberation of all peoples—
Special gift of Stalin—
Made Jews there forever free
Learning from my Russian birth
And my American life
The bonds that bind both lands,
Comrades now in war and victory
Comrades they shall ever be in peace
So that, as it is written in Isaiah,
"Of peace there be no end"

Awake and shine
My America
Land of my love
My devotion
I shall ever keep thee bright
I
Always ready
(soon to be allowed!)
To return
To building the "tomorrows that sing"
Of which Gabriel Peri wrote with dying breath,
Dying for these Tomorrows
Gabriel Peri, French Communist resister,
My comrade
Ready to return
(Sonya promised it in a letter)
To "the winters that will blossom"

* * * *

Doing time
Time with a patch over the left eye
Time with a blinker at the left eye
Orders to look to the right, to the right only
Read the Hearst first press,
the trick mirror,
journal unamerican
Read the New York Axis *News*
Headlines Hitler Likes to Read
Read The *Times* doing time (isn't that fair enough?)
The *Times* soberly wobbling, with a list to the right,
Flipflopping for F D R (hooray!)
But still worried about the People in Politics
Still doggedly cautious about Stalin "the enigma"
Making a virtue of refusal to understand,
Ever more faithful to sobriety than truth

Antonio Frasconi

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Protesting itself sober though wrong
Wrong on Marx, Lenin, Stalin
Manchuria, Mussolini, Hitler,
Ethiopia, Franco, Munich,
China, Japan, Finland
Wrong wrong and wrong but
It's to the right
It's sober
College Presidents Read It
IT'S INDEXED
So I am allowed to read it
Read the *World-Telegram,*
Snappy journalism Alive
Wegler gruff tough puff
He of the lynch in time saves—time
Munich eer crying racketeer
Or his boy Freddy apt and uppity pupil
Once a liberal but it didn't pay
Read—go ahead, see if we care, just to show you
How Fair We Are
Go ahead and
Read the *Post* and *PM,* three-legged papers,
Each with two right legs
Walking a puzzling gait
Somehow going forward
Eyes frantic and in the corners, so many sides to see
Left arm stiff like a halfback's
To fend off the left
Maybe really meaning forward but
Tripping over the extra right leg
So whaddaya
What do I
Read?
Doing time with the *Herald Tribune*
Mark Sullivan in columns right
Walter Lippmann in columns left
The editorial policy conscious of class but mindful of country
Steering the Course of Business

I
Read
War
Heave and tug in Italy (my Norman, my Henry);
Frustrate in hedgerows, conquering hedgerows (my Murray, my Ben);
Fierce reconquests in the Pacific (my Sidney, my Ken);
Preparing and preparing and preparing in India (my Isidore, my Walter)
But not preparing the people of India;
The long Eastern Front, long and long,
"Long as our exile" is the pious Jewish phrase
The Eastern Front moving ever westward
Month after month the new offensive done in a month
Stalin, commander and accountant, reporting to the world
On birthday of October
Eyes hollow from burying their dead
Eyes fierce with killing the enemy
Eyes clear for tasks ahead
Heart proud

Spain resurgent, *viva!*
Land where my comrades died
I rise for those who do not rise:
for Ralph
for Chick my colleagues
for Mendy my student
Died fighting fascism early and much
They fought
without planes without artillery
"*ni aviones ni canones*" they sang it
And did not lose.
Spain, tomb already of a generation
Tomb to be of fascism
The prophecy and justification
of Badajoz, Guernica
And Madrid
Spain resurgent, *viva!*

I
Read
Home Front News
Production undreamt but easy with toil and sweat
But everywhere the sniper, detractor, the disorganizer,
The malign few knowing the dread consequence,
The easy untutored many,
The well-meaning thoughtless careless delayers

But not too too many!
They stood up and were counted
The National Quadrennial
Count
Count democratic
Count peaceful and decisive
But don't blow the whistle!
The count doesn't check
TEN MILLION NOT COUNTED
Six million white not counted
Four million black not counted
Where are they? Find them!
ESCAPE ESCAPE ESCAPE
Recount
Ten million not counted
They couldn't pay to be counted
It doesn't pay (WHOM?) to count them
It will pay!
By the Next Count
We swear
All will be counted
Count Supreme
Count National
Count Equal
Yet this Count is legal and enough
The dividers are counted out—
The election orators told off, polled out
They with their lies parted in the middle like the Candidate's hair
So that half seems true
Until the White House Department of Correction
Corrects the aspirant District Attorney,
Indicts him publicly for perjury in all degrees
And on innumerable counts
And the People, court supreme, sustains the verdict

This
I
Read
But I am not allowed to read the *Daily Worker*

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No, you must not, we are non-partisan and so you
must not,
Will not,
Not that we can say exactly what is wrong with it,
we haven't read it
we don't read it
we won't read it
it's communist, it's left
And this is no time
Doing time
For you to read the *Daily Worker*
So # 3249 does not.
The left eye is a black patch
The right eye strains, squints, reads closely
between, around and over the lines
With a left-eye memory, an after-image;
Do they hope my eyes will go out of focus
Mislead me
When my Time is Done
To the wrong right safe dangerous path?

And so when Time is Done
Time paid
Time delivered minute by minute
Time received and receipt taken
Time to be leashed on Parole
Time to be unleashed too
Back will I go forward
To the dangerous but only forward road
Eyes maybe blinking a while
But focussed
On home, class
Country, and world
Master again of Time
Until Time masters me

All things pass
But never the people.

WHAT WILL WIN THE AUTO STRIKE

By ABNER BERRY

THE present stage of the GM strike could be termed "The Battle for Reserves." Every plant is shut tight. The prospect of an army of scabs is not immediately in sight; nor are the workers in a "back-to-work" mood. But to say that this represents a stalemate or that the scales could not be tipped in favor of either side would be far from true.

Momentarily the union has a slight advantage; it has the most immediate reserves. There are the close to 700,000 members of the union who are not yet on strike and who are solidly supporting the GM workers' demands; there are the steel and the electrical workers for whose struggles the auto workers are the spearhead. These are powerful reserves which offset much of the defeatist propaganda about the "weak financial condition of the union," the "low financial backlog" of the individual striking worker, etc. But powerful as these are they are not enough to win with unless other reserves are drawn up. And to "draw up" these reserves is to win them.

The most potent immediate reserves outside the ranks of the CIO are the 70,000 GM white collar workers. Only in Flint have steps been taken to win these over. In Flint the salaried workers, refusing the company's bribe of a ten percent pay raise, took places in the picket line for the union demands, reasoning that "If thirty percent is good enough for the production workers it is good enough for the office stiffs." Elsewhere the company has, in the main, been able to carry out its program of splitting the office workers from those in production. Before the strike began GM sent a letter to all white collar workers telling them that in the event the plants were struck, checks would be mailed to their homes for three months. Three months' pay extension plus a ten percent raise is an attractive bribe for workers who have not had the advantages and benefits of unionism. And a few thousand workers at large with nothing to do but sing the praises of the corporation are not likely to be a tonic for the strikers. On this issue the UAW is buzzing healthily about a drive for organizing the white collar workers and presenting demands for them.

Among the salaried workers themselves there is some feeling that the union has neglected them. Despite this there are signs that a drive to organize them at present—even in the strike situation—would meet with success. At GM's Detroit Cadillac plant when the salaried workers were stopped by the picket lines many asked: "What are we to do?" "What does the union want us to do?" etc. At Detroit Transmission, also GM, salaried workers right after the Thanksgiving weekend, joined the picket line. The supervisory personnel at Detroit Diesel Engine Division of GM on West Outer Drive declared their support to the production workers. The corporation has made, and will continue to make bids to these workers. Now it is up to the UAW to strengthen their ranks with these reserves.

Among leaders of the auto workers there is a suspicion that Technocracy, Inc., is carrying on anti-union activity among the technicians and engineers employed in the industry. The Technocrats, it will be remembered, have a program for a "rational society" based on the leadership of the technicians. So far they have been only a small group here. But since the strike began their headquarters out on Claremont and Woodward has been more than usually busy. A Miss Wiedrich, who was in charge of the office when I called, told me that the Technocrats were "taking no sides." When I asked her whether individual members of Technocracy, Inc., were active in the strike she answered, "Surely. Many of our members are affected and some are on the picket line, but as an organization we are not taking a stand one way or the other. You see, we are nonpolitical, nonsectarian." When I asked specifically whether the organization thought the demands of the workers were justified she said technocrats were opposed to "the whole system" and that their opposition was based on a survey of economic

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and technological improvements since the last war.

IMMEDIATE and pressing, from the union point of view, is the problem of the veterans. Many veterans have been at work only a short time, some only a few weeks. They are in a new situation and many of them are new to the industry. The company saw to it that in hiring vets they didn't do the union too many favors. In his confused state of mind and with only his separation pay of $100 to $300 as a reserve, the veteran is easy prey for company propaganda. Over 14,000 veterans are involved in the strike. Around this sizable core GM is striving to build a back-to-work movement. The more far-sighted union leaders see a chance to defeat the company by taking up the veteran's fight. However, they have been beaten to the punch by AMVETS, an organization of World War II veterans, led by men of dubious purposes, who have begun a campaign for unemployment compensation to veterans under the GI Bill of Rights. In Flint, where one-third of the population works for GM, twenty-nine-year-old Jack Packard is openly organizing a back-to-work movement among ex-servicemen. Packard, a former captain in the Air Force, is getting a disproportionate build-up in the local press with speeches which smell of slick advertising copy. The union has countered this move by establishing a GM-UAW Ex-Servicemen's Committee, under the leadership of John Anderson, president of an amalgamated local (155). The committee has begun the fight for union veterans and is rallying veterans as a whole to the support of the strike.

The women, both workers and housewives, are another important reserve. At the peak of wartime employment the UAW had 250,000 women members. Discriminatory firing by the auto companies has cut the figure by about two-thirds since V-J Day. That large body of women workers can be a source either of weakness or strength, depending upon the attitude adopted by the union; for it is a certainty that the company will do everything to win them against the strikers. And as for the housewives, there is already powerful propaganda on the sentimental level concerning Christmas, empty stockings and disappointed kids; there are the whispers: "Why couldn't they have waited until after the holidays?" GM and its stooges are missing no bets. But the union has. It has to make up for the indifference it showed when women were thrown out of the shops, even against established seniority rules and contractual provisions. Not to fight for the special demands of women is to ignore a source of strength. And the union will be making a gratuitous gift to GM if it does not recruit the women to its support.

AS FOR the Negro people, they are all out for the strikers. First, because Negroes feel generally a kinship with labor, especially the CIO; and, second, because GM is among the worst discriminators against Negro workers. That is not to say, however, that there is no danger of estranging from support of the union, large numbers of Negroes not directly connected with the industry. GM, for example, is notorious here for its resistance to hiring Negroes in any but the hardest, dirtiest work. Some seventeen to twenty-five GM plants have never hired Negroes, even at the worst period of wartime manpower shortage. And among the Negroes and their organizations supporting the strike, such as the National Negro Congress, there is criticism of the UAW for not more effectively combatting the policy of the company in refusing to upgrade Negroes at the Cadillac plant. Although GM hires fewer Negroes than any of the Big Three, there are some 13,000 Negro workers involved in the strike. So far the ranks are solid and Negro and white workers show militant solidarity. But all past experience in Detroit, as well as other centers, has shown that this unity has to be fought for on a day-to-day basis, against the splitting poison of chauvinism which the company produces out of its routine white supremacy policy in hiring.

A fair sampling of what might be called miscellaneous middle class attitudes toward the GM strike may be seen in the stand taken by the Michigan Citizens Committee, a group which includes the articulate New Deal Democrats. It is from this group that the CIO has won the staunchest non-labor support for its position. Led by Mrs. Dorothy K. Roosevelt (a sister-in-law of Eleanor Roosevelt), the MCC has shown an awareness of the issues in the present struggle. Mrs. Roosevelt, whose husband was once Detroit City Comptroller, is "for the demands of the workers 100 percent." When I asked whether the MCC was for the pay raise asked for by the union, she corrected me with: "It is not a *raise* in wages that the workers are asking; they are seeking to *maintain* their take-home pay," and she went on, "If they don't maintain their take-home pay then the entire community is going to suffer." Leaders of the MCC were annoyed at propaganda which tried to blame the workers for the strike and at those who misrepresented the demands of the workers as demands for *more*. According to Mrs. Roosevelt and others, the small businessmen, doctors, lawyers—the lower middle and middle-middle classes—were in support of the workers' demands. However, she pointed out that many of them were not in a position to sign petitions for fear of reprisals. The committee is presently engaged in activity among middle class organizations and churches to make clear the issues in the strike and to win further active workers for the program of the committee.

Small storekeepers in Detroit and Flint have come forward in support of the strikers with food and other necessities. Some restaurants have turned their entire facilities over to the union for kitchens. If the small merchants have their say about it, GM will have a hard time starving out the strike. So far the small merchants have given almost unanimous support.

Only among the real estate men has there been any open opposition to the strike. Real estate has been booming here. Rents are high and vacancies draw big "rewards." The want ad columns carry pleas daily for apartments or houses, offering handsome cash bounties for information on vacancies. Real estate dealers, large and small, see the strike as a threat to their greatly swollen incomes. They see the possibility of a long-drawn-out strike and months of moneyless rent collections. There is little that the union can do to reassure these people, who have got used to their special type of war profiteering. Real estate will have to be counterbalanced by the winning of the other reserves.

AS WE look over the total picture of the battle for the reserves—middle classes, the unemployed, the veterans, women, Negroes—the peculiar logic of the pro-fascist groups becomes apparent. In practically every auto center in the country these groups have been active lately, as readers of the NEW MASSES know. Now that the struggle between labor and monopoly has reached the strike stage it is to be expected that these groups will crystallize into a "movement." The program of "rule or ruin" openly announced by the corporations through their spokesmen and trade journals, and only thinly camou-

(*Continued on page* 21)

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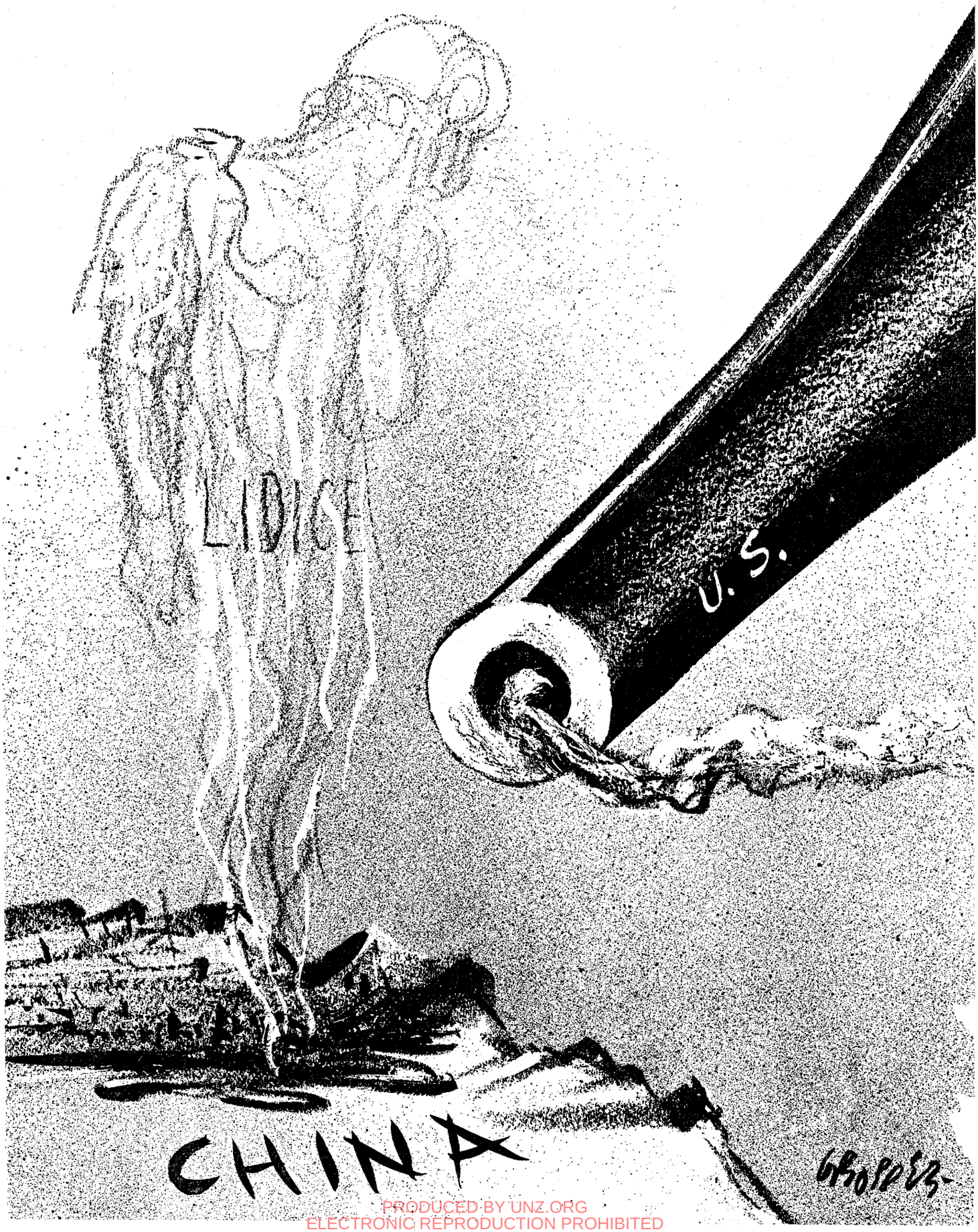

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EUROPE'S NEW DEMOCRACIES

By A. SOKOLOV

The following is the second of two articles by Mr. Sokolov on international concepts of democracy. The first appeared in the December 4 issue of NEW MASSES. *Both are from "New Times."*

PROPONENTS of the Western conception of democracy assert that what liberated countries in Eastern Europe actually have is "a dictatorship of the Communist Party." They declare that all other parties are only a sort of democratic stage scenery since their leaders consist of specially delegated and carefully disguised Communists. The only semblance of evidence adduced in support of this assertion, which is as malicious as it is absurd, is that many of the democratic parties replaced their old leaders by new ones. At a recent congress of the Social Democratic Party of Hungary, for instance, its former leader, Peyer, who refused to cooperate with the Communists and the other democratic parties, received an insignificant number of votes. The congress elected new leaders, headed by Szakasics. The analogous processes are to be observed in some of the other liberated countries. In Rumania, the old leaders of the National Tsarinist and National Liberal parties, Maniu and Bratianu, have long been generals without armies. The bulk of their former followers have given their allegiance to other political leaders, among them old ones like the liberal Tatarescu. In Yugoslavia, Machek, the former leader of the Croatian Peasant Party, who cooperated with the German invaders and with their agent Pavelich, is hated by the Croatian peasants. New men have come forward to lead the Peasant Party. The same thing is going on in some of the democratic parties of Poland and other countries.

Under these circumstances, devotees of Western democracy assume the pose of irate clerics, and shaking monitory fingers at the Continental peoples say, "follow your old leaders or we will excommunicate you from the democratic church!" But what has this demand in common with true democracy in home and foreign affairs? Who will deny that one of the elementary democratic rights is the right of every party freely to select its leaders and if necessary replace them by others? After all, leadership in a party, if it is really democratic, cannot be regarded as a lifelong privilege. In the period of the great upheavals, Maniu, Bratianu and Machek and their kind lost their political capital. By the support they gave to fascism and to the German invaders, by their treacherous attitude towards the national liberation struggle of the masses and by their frank speculation on differences arising among the great powers, these bankrupt politicians earned the contempt of their peoples.

Whoever attempts at this time to foist such leaders on the liberated peoples only sets himself down as one who uses the banner of democracy as a cloak for anti-democratic policy, which implies anything but respect for the will of the people or for the sovereignty of other countries.

At the same time let it be remarked that the achievements of democracy in the liberated Eastern European countries don't imply "Sovietization" of these countries, as the most unscrupulous of reactionary calumniators claim. As we know, these countries retain their former social and economic systems, which are based on private ownership of the means of production. Neither the agrarian reforms nor the measures taken against the black market nor the nationalization of a number of factories or even of certain branches of large-scale industry indicate a departure from the social and economic system existing in these countries. As we know, the nationalization of a number of branches of heavy industry is being discussed in England, while in France feudal estates were broken up 150 years ago.

In the Soviet Union there is nothing to warrant the existence of several parties, inasmuch as classes with radically differing interests no longer exist. But the situation is different in the liberated countries in Eastern Europe, where such classes do exist. And there we actually do find several different parties. But who can forbid their joining forces in fulfilling the will of the masses, who regard unity as the cardinal condition for rebuilding their political life on more reliable lines?

It should be remarked that an astonishing confusion of ideas is sometimes betrayed in this discussion of democracy. In illustration we might cite an article which recently appeared in connection with the World Trade Union Congress in the French weekly *Volontes*, organ of one of the groups of the Resistance movement known as *Feux de la Resistance*. The author of the article is prepared to admit that the Soviet economic system has a number of definite advantages. He writes: "When we turn to Soviet Russia we find a planned economy where private ownership of the means of production does not exist. This system of production was put to the test during the war and proved its effectiveness. Now when the war is over and when the Anglo-Saxon world is threatened with the horrors of unemployment, Russia on the contrary is marching forward to realize a new five-year plan."

IN THIS acknowledgement of the incontestable advantages of the Soviet Union's economic system, we find a reflection of the fact that millions of people all over the world ardently wish the economic system of their countries, like the planned socialist economy of the Soviet Union, to be exempt from unemployment crises and similar miseries. But while granting the advantages of the Soviet planned economy, the author of the article blindly parrots the long-discredited libels of the Soviet Union's enemies to the effect that "liberty and democracy" do not exist in the USSR. After weighing all the pros and cons the article expresses the modest desire to "find the synthesis which would combine the economic regime of the Soviet Union with the political democracy of Anglo-Saxon countries." This reminds us of Gogol's Agafya Tikhonova, who sighed for a lover who would have the lips of one of her suitors and the nose of another.

Evidently the author of this article fails to realize that "the economic regime" and political system of the Soviet Union constitute an integral and inseparable whole. For the Soviet political system, which is anchored in the economic achievements of socialism, not only formally recognizes the democratic rights of the citizens but also assures them the material possibility of enjoying these rights by guaranteeing the right to work, freedom from exploitation and from national and racial in-

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LURING THE YOUTH

By VIRGINIA GARDNER

Baltimore.

THE Rev. Torrey Johnson of Chicago, president of the international Youth for Christ organization, was saying that it made him feel good all over to find young people in such numbers "turning away from sin and the dens of iniquity."

I spoke to the young woman standing next to me. We were among some 100 or more who were unable to get seats in the Lyric Theater where the YFC, as it is called, held a "rally"—as YFCers invariably allude to their Saturday night meetings—November 24.

"I don't see any young people who look as if they came from pool rooms and dance halls, do you?" I asked her.

"No, it's a clean crowd," she said.

Actually it was a heavily adult crowd around the fringes, but the Hearst camera which recorded the crowd for a lavish display in the next day's Sunday Baltimore *American* showed only the stage and the masses of youngsters in the front of the hall. Delegations of young people were said to have come from more than fifty churches, but YFC ministers like to stress the wayward life from which they snatch the youth. The Rev. Leymon Ketcham of the Community Church of Arbutus, and director of YFC here, and the Rev. Otis Read, one of the "cooperating ministers," had told me with apparent pleasure of a blues singer and a cabaret girl, both presumably steeped in sin, who had "come to Christ."

"We will turn to the first hymn—it's printed in the program, folks." A few programs opened, but the majority of the YFCers sang the words from memory, clearly, loudly and with passion. These were hymns they knew, that they had sung in Sunday schools in Protestant churches all over America—"Softly and Tenderly," "In the Garden," "Jesus Loves Me."

For the Youth for Christ movement has reached thousands of emotionally undernourished, sincere youth in a society for the most part devoid of available emotional outlets. The clever and consummately skillful leaders behind YFC have erected a bright and glowing facade of fellowship. They have given young women a place to be welcomed on Saturday nights in communities where women outnumber men. They have held out a hand to tired and bewildered war veterans. The leaders have reached deep into the grassroots hearts of America to fulfill a need—and to form a mass basis of a popular front movement of the extreme right.

THE crowd at the Lyric Theater was "Aryan," and its "Aryanness" was theatrically emphasized. On the stage was the much-advertised 100-girl choir recruited for the occasion, with all the healthy blonde beauties, the young girls with flaxen curls and braids, in the front rows.

In all the big house I saw only five Negroes, two of them seated prominently in a box. This was reminiscent of Chicago, where in a big downtown rally Youth for Christ featured one Negro in a "testimonial," but shortly thereafter began Jim Crow rallies on the South Side.

When the Rev. Mr. Johnson, after a highly emotional "message," called for some "Christians" to stand down in front where others who wanted to be Christians might join them, it was the blondes who were plucked by the sleeve and pulled forward.

One Gordon Curtis led the audience in what YFC everywhere terms "singspiration." The songs and music were carefully alternated throughout the program so that no "message" ever lasted too long. "Now sing out on the 'power' and the 'blood,'" Gordon said, and the old hymn became quite a tune: "There is power, power, wonder-working power, In the blood of the Lamb!" Peter Slack played several of his sixteen instruments, the audience sang lustily—and the dollar bills and coins fell when Christian Businessmen Committee members, aided by veterans in uniform, passed the baskets. The rally cost around $1,600, said the Rev. Mr. Ketcham, and the collection should pay for it.

"The world is hungry, the hour has come," said the Rev. Mr. Johnson to the 3,000 assembled. Some of the audience answered, "A-men." He told how YFC had spread into twenty countries, was organized in 650 cities in America. Servicemen who had attended meetings abroad were asked to rise and say where. Casablanca, said one; Stockholm, another. A meeting was being held that very night in Tokyo, he said. A-men, more voices said, and applause swept the house. Little YFC rallies had begun in Germany, he went on. A-mens increased. And, he went on in a rising singsong, he had written Pastor Niemoller that Youth for Christ was coming to Germany. Niemoller had written back that he was awaiting the hour they would come. "I told him the youth of Germany was the lost generation—unless they were saved. We're going over," he said, "to save the youth of Germany!" A crescendo of applause followed.

YOUTH FOR CHRIST uses the same techniques throughout the country. The same sort of musicians pep up all the big meetings; there is the same showmanship, the same blonde young girls, the same appeal to service personnel, and always the tie-in with the Christian Businessmen's Committee, either nationally or locally. But what is said from the stage or dais differs. In Baltimore, all the anti-Semitism I heard came outside formal meetings or rallies. There was none from the stage. In fact Mr. Johnson went to some pains to point out that YFC "is opposed to all racial discrimination, all economic discrimination and all political discrimination."

However, in Washington, where YFC holds rallies every Saturday night in the Central Union Mission chapel, it was different. At a recent rally the guest speaker was a radio gospel lay preacher, Erling C. Olsen, of New York, an officer in the Christian Business Men's Committee and president of the Fitch Publishing Co., it was said.

Olsen read a verse from the Bible: Jesus had come into a house. "Should a man heal on the Sabbath?" Jesus asked. "And they held their peace."

"Held their peace," he said conversationally to the audience, "is a good old Elizabethan phrase meaning that they kept their mouths shut.

"Now, I'm from New York, and as you may have heard we have a few Jews up there." He paused. A titter ran through the audience, and a few persons smirked knowingly. He warmed to his task. "And Jews are very talkative. If you've ever been in one of their synagogues, you know that. Talk, talk,

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talk, all the time. I had the—" he paused, cleared his throat, then continued in heavily sarcastic tones: "the *privilege* of *speaking in a synagogue*, on one occasion." Heavily playful, he went on: "After I was through, some of them crowded around and called me Rabbi Olsen." He had hit his stride. The audience smiled and looked at one another. "So," he said, more easily now, "when the gospel says, 'And they held their peace,' that was really something, to get a lot of Jews to hold their peace." He paused, then added in an oily voice: "I mean that kindly."

Mr. Olsen indulged in some anti-Chinese remarks as well. Speaking of a meeting he had been to in New York, he declared, "And what did I find? A group of fifty white women who had married Chinese!" A ripple of horror passed over the audience.

He used the same wide arm gesture, the raised hand, index finger pointing heavenward, which the Rev. Mr. Johnson used so effectively in Baltimore in relating how he had knelt with an airplane hostess 2,000 feet up in the air while they were going 500 miles an hour—and consoled her for the loss of her sweetheart and told her to open up her heart to Jesus.

Said Mr. Olsen, with the gesticulations: "Most of them [the women married to Chinese] were dope addicts —they were lost morally. I was certainly glad that *someone* had gone to them!" As for Mr. Johnson's airplane hostess, she had been true to her sweetheart, who was killed in a flight over Germany, but she was lost morally anyway because she hadn't been saved. Luckily he had gone to her just in time, and saved her. She was a church member but that doesn't mean a whit to YFCers: they demand that you be saved in a much more personal, and seemingly flamboyant, fashion. When Mr. Johnson rode the plane back from Tulsa to Chicago, he learned the hostess had been killed in a crash. The very next day after he saved her, too. Life is always dramatic and theatrical in the stories YFCers hear from the pulpit or stage.

The audience, which contains a singularly large number of girls without lipstick, is transported to a world of dope dens, dance halls, or at the least, airplanes and romance. Most of the audience seem to be average young people and older people in the lower income groups—plain, respectable, sincere people who, as Mr. Johnson said, are hungry. They would probably reach out even for a spiritual can of Spam if it came along.

Some of the Baltimore businessmen behind YFC to whom I talked denied any anti-Semitism, but took the attitude of the Rev. Mr. Ketcham, who magnanimously found no difference between Jews and Catholics. The CBMC takes in neither. James C. Phillips made short shrift of the charge of anti-Semitism in YFC. Mr. Phillips deals in wholesale dry goods and Biblical works at the Trustworthy Book Store, and is acting chairman of the executive board of the Christian Youth Center, which obtained the services of Mr. Ketcham, fresh out of a traveling gospel quartet, last spring, and got itself affiliated to Youth for Christ International. Mr. Phillips declined to give his age. "It would look funny, someone so old being mixed up with Youth for Christ." Mr. Phillips volunteered that a "meeting" had been held "against Youth for Christ" in the Unitarian church. "We had two people there and I got a full report of it," he said, in an agitated voice. "I figure they were all Unitarians, Jews or Catholics, all that was there. The next day a fella called me up and congratulated me on the meeting. You know—you've heard of people being loved for the enemies they make."

The central thesis of Youth for Christ theology, as I wrote in the December 4 NM, revolves around the Jew and the Lord's second coming. But from the Rev. Mr. Read, one of the Baltimore ministers who were "cooperating" with YFC, I got a different version. I asked Mr. Read, who is a radio expert and broadcasts twice daily over WBAL and WCAO, if he believed that with the second coming of the Lord the Jews would "accept Christ" and would wind up in Palestine.

Mr. Read hesitated, glanced at me, half-smiling. Apparently a little older than Mr. Ketcham, he might have been an ex-football player of slightly earlier vintage. His dark hair shot with gray, his face ruddy, his main appeal lies in his voice. He studied me, then said, "I wish I could tell you—." He stopped. "What sort of magazine is New Masses?"

"It's pro-labor, pro-left wing," I replied.

"That's it," he said. "Now I'd like to answer you frankly about the Jews, but I don't want to get myself out on any limb."

But he talked, and as he talked he became carried away with his subject. Twice after particularly violent statements he cautioned me that was off the record. But the following was on the record, and in addition I can say that the Rev. Mr. Read does *not* believe that the Jews will "accept Christ," that they ever will be "saved." Neither does he believe they should be permitted to go to Palestine. "And Ketcham can't find a word about Palestine in the Bible, either," he says grimly.

After a good many Biblical allusions, Mr. Read said, with a far-away look in his eyes, "Well, we relate all of our theology to the world in this way. Today, a man works eight hours a day, but he turns out in four hours all that he would need to. Where does the rest go? In profit. Now, then, let's see where the waste comes in, where the profit goes. We call them the middlemen. You see them all around—in stores, making loans. They're where the money is." His voice dropped, his smile became more knowing. "In other words, they've got their hands in the gold." He wriggled his hands and leered.

"Who are 'they,' Mr. Read?" I asked.

"Who do you think they are?"

"Could it be that they are the Jews?"

He grunted assent.

As he sees it, the Bible teaches bartering, and "when we are willing to surrender to Him and work through Him," we will return to a simpler economy. "And it will not be Communism," he warned. "Communism makes the individual the slave of the state. No, it will be God's kingdom on earth."

He agrees that there are many economic injustices. "Look at the veteran," he said, "what does he have to look forward to?"

But it will all be fixed up when the middleman is eliminated. And he says with a grim elation, "The man who doesn't work won't eat." I asked him how this was going to come about. "The Lord will take care of that," he said. "God's going to do it by force."

The only answer, he said, was the return of Christ to the throne of His Father. The nations would be ruled with a rod of iron.

He asked me what I thought about Russia. He couldn't agree with me, he said. "In fact, I think Russia is our greatest enemy," he said. "That's what I meant when I said the war never stopped. It's not over."

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"It reminds me of Hitler's pre-Munich period."

"In other words, we have to go to war against Russia?"

"Yes," he said firmly.

He thought that Russia was "using the Palestine issue," and trying to get the Jews into Palestine because it was so rich.

The Rev. Mr. Read, like Mr. Olsen of the CBMC, made several cracks about the rich and powerful. But before I left he revealed the anti-labor coloration which the Rev. Claude Williams of the People's Institute for Applied Religion has ascribed to YFC on numerous occasions. "Labor unions think they have the answer," he said, after speaking about unrest, economic insecurity and the veterans' lot in coming back to such a mess, "but they try to solve it without religion, and that can't be done. That's why so often they just mislead the workers."

On the executive committee of CBMC, where Mr. Read is represented through a vestryman, are the head of an oil company, Walter J. Rupert; a Western Electric Co. sub-official, Chester Van Dusen; an attorney, and others. Head of the CBMC International is the wealthy industrialist, R. G. Le Tourneau, whose home is at Vicksburg, Miss. Mr. Ketcham had said the "labor people at the Unitarian meeting complained that Le Tourneau was anti-labor, and a lot of things.

"All I know he is a very sincere man who found Christ," said Mr. Ketcham. "He hasn't put a cent into Youth for Christ—yet. Of course the Christian Businessmen's Committee is another thing. He's director of it. I guess he has a right to contribute to it."

According to Harold E. Fey in the *Christian Century* of June 20, YFC organizations get their funds from the crowds they attract "and from the organizations of theologically and socially conservative businessmen which have sprung up in considerable numbers in recent years."

In some cities CBMCs sponsor YFC. In Baltimore, it offers "official support but no organic control." Mr. Ketcham claims that William Randolph Hearst gives only the support of newspaper promotion, and exerts no control. So defensive did YFC feel about Hearst that the printed program at the recent Lyric Theater rally bore the legend, "There are no 'tie-ins,' visible or invisible. There is no connection with the Hearst newspapers. However, we gratefully acknowledge and thank William Randolph Hearst and his papers for the splendid and gracious cooperation they have given to the international movement. In Baltimore, we thank the Baltimore *News-Post* and *Sunday American* for their interest."

Hearst has been trying to get his foot in the door of youth movements in Baltimore for years. The same Aldine R. Bird who is his Youth-for-Christ editor took a trip to Moline, Ill., in 1943, on the personal instructions of Hearst, and returned to try hard to organize youth centers along the lines of the "Moline plan" in the city. From the Hearst files you can see the hard work Mr. Bird put in on the project. But despite the number of neighborhood meetings held to set up the "Moline Plan," the centers flopped.

But Hearst was not discouraged. Through the *News-Post,* he made a gift to the University of Maryland to establish a graduate fellowship and an undergraduate scholarship in American history, government and literature in his name. Last spring Daniel Nitzberg, a senior, representing a group of progressive leaders, made a series of charges in the student newspaper criticizing the new "Americanism" program which followed Hearst's donation, the wave of anti-Semitism in the school, the censorship of student publications by the authorities, and the Jim Crowing of Negro ministers, artists and entertainers. Dr. H. C. Byrd, president of the University, in his reply said he had counseled a Jewish fraternity not to "force the issue" of having representation in the interfraternity council. As for Hearst and the Americanism program, Byrd said, "there is no principle for which I would rather fight." A committee of twenty-six student leaders protested further. To which Dr. Byrd replied "that it would be difficult to understand why any loyal American citizen would be opposed to such a program." As for the Hearst scholarship, Dr. Byrd wrote: ". . . everybody will agree, undoubtedly, that he has always stood for a continuance of American civilization and the values therein. In that respect, the University of Maryland and Mr. Hearst stand on a common ground."

Maryland youth is being beckoned by William Randolph Hearst from several vantage points.

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NM SPOTLIGHT

The Moscow Meeting

WE DO not know what other inspirations Secretary Byrnes had last Thanksgiving day, but the inspiration to call the Big Three together in Moscow had more to do with the bankruptcy of American foreign policy than with an inspirational holiday mood. Suffice it to say that the convening of the foreign ministers is proof once more that an Anglo-American consortium to run the world according to its lights creates more crises than it solves and that without the Soviet Union there can be no stabilization of world politics or even the beginnings of such. After the fiasco in London last September where Byrnes and Bevin rattled the atomic saber in Molotov's face, affairs have run from bad to worse affecting every area of the globe. The Russians obviously were not frightened by the Truman administration's moralisms. The truth is exactly the reverse. Washington must be flabbergasted by the national wave of criticism directed against its foreign policy, particularly as it has expressed itself in China and on the atom bomb, and this criticism and this pressure alone are responsible for Byrnes' sudden desire to talk things over again. That does not mean that Byrnes has changed his mind and that he is abandoning his abandonment of the Roosevelt foreign program. It simply means that when enough Americans make themselves heard, Washington is forced to pay attention.

Nothing will be gained from an attempt to forecast what will happen at Moscow. That can only be judged from what comes out of the conference and from what follows. But if Byrnes continues as in the past merely employing different tactics and approaches to hide his aggressive imperialism then the meeting is doomed to failure. If Byrnes in alliance with Bevin, for example, tries to alter international agreements, especially the unanimity commitment of the San Francisco Charter, or to weaken the Security Council of the UNO by proposing that the disposition of the atom bomb be decided by the General Assembly, then we shall be right back where we started. The central issue in the Moscow conference is whether the UNO will fall flat on its face before it has had a chance to operate or whether this potential instrument of collective security can thrive and grow. And that depends entirely on whether the Big Three will develop a harmonious relationship. Byrnes bears the major responsibility for the critical disruption of the wartime coalition and he must be told that it is his responsibility to repair the damage.

The China Mess

THE current crisis of American policy in China provides the opportunity for bringing tremendous pressure to bear upon the Truman administration to change that policy. We must insist that General Stilwell and former Ambassador Gauss be invited to testify befor the Senate Committee that has been listening to Hurley's tirade. Public opinion must be rallied around HR-408, the bill introduced by Congressman DeLacy and five other West Coast representatives, which calls for immediate withdrawal of all forms of armed intervention.

The die has not been finally cast on the side of civil war in China. It is significant that both Chu Teh, the commander of the Chinese Communist-led armies, and Yeh Chien-ying, Chief of Staff, have recently indicated to correspondents that the Communist Party still hopes to solve the internal situation by peaceful means. It is significant, too, that the Soviet Union is guided by the same hope in carrying out its role of non-intervention in the Manchurian provinces. The New York *Times* the other day tried to distort this situation by saying editorially that, "The Chinese Communists are in retreat under Russian orders." Nothing could be further from the truth. The editors of that newspaper cannot seem to understand that two entirely independent groups both seeking to avoid a civil war might work in similar ways toward a similar end.

The provocation of civil war comes from Chiang Kai-shek and his pro-fascist dictatorship. Their ability to provoke war, however, depends largely on the military, political and economic encouragement they obtain from the United States.

Under the policy symbolized by Hurley full-scale civil war is a virtual certainty. If that policy were changed and our troops, materials of war and political support were withdrawn Chiang would be unable to carry through his present plans.

Thus the key to civil war or democratic peace lies in the hands of the American people. We must insist by all means at our command that the Truman administration immediately cease its present disastrous course and turn to democratic principles of foreign policy.

Loans and Politics

IN PRINCIPLE no one can realistically object to the extension by the United States of loans and credits to other governments—especially those friendly governments whose productive plant has been devastated by war and whose people have given unstintingly to the common sacrifice. From the point of view the loan to Britain of it amounts to $4,400,000,000 will Britain recover in part and for a time from the effects of the war years. But as with all other things, the loan cannot be considered in a vacuum. Loans made by Washington must be thought of as an instrument of American foreign policy. The loan to Britain, therefore, is part and parcel of American imperialism's quest for markets. In return for the loan British capitalism will be forced to let down many of the barriers which have stood in the way of American traders eager to invade the British economic bloc. That much is clear from London's agreement to discontinue the sterling-dollar pool and not to discriminate against US products in the event that Britain finds it necessary to employ import quotas.

As matters will work out, the British ruling class will accept shots in the arm until it considers itself strong enough to go back full scale to the dog-eat-dog policy that has always characterized the economic rivalry between this country and England. At this moment the British are forced to retreat because they do not have the financial means with which to fight back. On the other hand, the United States cannot be too rough with the British—the loan agreement indicates that the last ounce has not been squeezed out of the brethren in the City—in view of Washington's need to have the British Foreign Office join in a

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common front against genuinely democratic developments in Europe and Asia, and against the Soviet Union.

There will be a fight in Congress as there has been in Parliament over the ratification of the loan. From the London end the debate centers around the junior position in which the country has been placed by having to depend on American loans. From the Washington end, the quarrel will be that not a big enough price was exacted from the British in return for US chips. Remember Patrick J. Hurley's blast to the effect that the British are being stubborn about transferring their trade outlets to the American domain. And as background, much will be said about American support of British "socialist" adventures. The brainier boys in Wall Street are not, however, at all frightened over the brand of "socialism" sold by Attlee and Bevin. Their big worry is to make certain that the British masses do not become so disillusioned with the present Labor government that they will choose in time a genuine one without Social Democratic frauds.

Ghetto

IT's an old trick to blame the victims for their plight. The Army's report on the conditions of displaced Jews at the Landsberg camp in Germany does exactly that. It took the protest resignation of a welfare officer with UNRRA in the first place before an investigation was made by an Army commission headed by Lt. Gen. Walter Smith. UNRRA official Dr. Lee Srole had charged that the Landsberg center housing 6,200 Jews—about sixteen percent of all the Jews of Central and Eastern Europe—had been in the past rejected as unfit for German prisoners of war. But seemingly it was good enough for the Jews who are now there living in unbelievably crowded quarters. The Jews are sick and underfed with the diet furnished them hardly adequate for people still suffering from six years of starvation. The clothing issued is of summer weight in a season of severe cold. "I protest," wrote Dr. Srole, "against the policy of the American Military Government on local levels, which, contrary to the spirit and letter of General Eisenhower's directives, on the one hand tends to protect and coddle the Germans, and, on the other, callously neglects the elementary human needs of those who were first declared the enemies of Nazism, and occasionally actively inflicts indignities upon them."

The retort of the Army investigators after a quick trip to Landsberg is that the Jews themselves are much to be blamed for conditions in a camp that houses considerably more than the 4,200 people for whom it was designed. Then the Army says that those who live in the camp are not doing their part to keep the place sanitary—forgetting, of course, that frequently these long-oppressed and tortured people do not have the strength to work or even help themselves. This seems to us as unfeeling an attitude on the part of the brass hats as we have run into in a long time. After the Harrison report describing the plight of Jews in Germany and all the fuss made about it in Washington not much has been done to correct the abominable conditions in which these Jews find themselves. If the Landsberg barracks are typical, then it will take a good deal of pressuring here to make changes in behalf of a people who, while they have won their freedom from Hitlerism, still suffer its effects more than any other.

Bread and Butter

THE battle to maintain American living standards and to realize the Roosevelt perspective of 60,000,000 jobs is now centered on two main fronts. The first and most important is the vital campaign of the organized labor movement to preserve the wartime take-home pay and catch up with the wartime rises in living costs. The second is to retain and enlarge the price controls and so prevent inflation. These two struggles are inseparable and both must be won if the nation is to proceed on the long and difficult road to full employment. Chester Bowles, who has been conducting almost singlehanded an uphill battle to preserve the OPA, has issued new warnings of impending national economic disaster if price controls are removed and revealed concrete figures to illustrate the alarming results.

The OPA has made test removals of price ceilings on some items and here is what happened: cocoanut prices rose by 400 percent; selected fur prices rose by 200 percent; certain citrus fruits rose by 100 percent. Every housewife could add to this list similar increases even with present inadequate controls. Little imagination is needed to conceive what would happen if all controls are removed.

At a gathering of the New Council of American Business, Inc., which opposes inflation, Mr. Bowles pointed out that certain vocal minorities who are demanding immediate removal of price controls "do not appreciate fully the explosive forces with which they are toying." In the course of his talk he identified these minorities to be the National Association of Manufacturers, the National Retail Dry Goods Association and the National Association of Real Estate Boards. While these groups are indeed small minorities in relation to the people, they are groups which control a good part of our economy. It is well not to underestimate their power and influence.

At a subsequent address to the NAM itself, Mr. Bowles boldly charged that their proposal to remove price controls by February 15 was "a risky, reckless, gambling policy which in all likelihood would produce a national disaster." Another glance at the items above showing instantaneous inflationary price rises when controls were removed should alarm people over the terrific dangers ahead. The inflationary profiteers can be defeated provided united public pressure is brought to bear on Congress demanding that price controls must remain and be strengthened.

The Auto Strike

(*Continued from page* 14)

flaged in GM's official statements, makes such a development inevitable. To be successful such a crystallization must take place simultaneously with the winning of reserves for their side from the ranks of labor. It is in that light that the present struggle going on at the periphery of the main fight assumes such importance.

A puzzled New York *Sun* reporter asked me the other day why the Detroit story seemed so dull from day to day. "I could just as well write the stuff I'm writing now from New York," he said. He agreed with me that the real story now was "around the edges" rather than on the picket lines. "Why, there isn't much of a story even in Washington," he added. He wasn't far wrong, either. For the daily headlines tell only a fraction of the story. The real story today lies in how well the workers are being welded together and, second, how expertly the workers are meeting the challenge of the company and the situation in gathering the people into an actively participating army for victory. The battle is just beginning and victory requires the practiced handling of many levers; and on each lever is the label: RESERVES.

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READERS' FORUM

The Jew in Literature

TO NEW MASSES: I am so glad NEW MASSES is interested in the Jew as subject matter for literary, cultural and political articles. Back in the 1930's, when I was reading it fairly regularly, there was a dearth of writing on the Jew in the NEW MASSES, for whatever reason—whether for lack of interest on the part of the editors, for lack of interested "liberal" writers, for lack of space in the magazine, or by accident—and many friends and I always felt this keenly. Perhaps we should have gone to the trouble of doing something about it. At any rate, now that NEW MASSES is maturing (in all fairness, I haven't read it for several years) as we all are, and understands the vital nature of this subject, let's have more. There is the whole field of what the progressive Jew and non-Jew feel about Zionism itself, as well as anti-Semitism here and abroad, what the "Springfield Plan" can or cannot do for our Jewish children and ourselves in the public school, the relationship between Jews and Negroes, "and [as Robeson sings in "Ballad for Americans"] lots more." I think NEW MASSES, as an American "progressive" or "left-wing" (or whatever is the appropriate descriptive adjective) publication, has an obligation to the Jew as well as to the Negro and other minority groups, to consider his special problems, within our hopefully democratic American social framework and, most important, *to do a good—not shoddy or ignorant—job of it.*

To get down to particulars—the November 6 issue of NM, given me by a friend, especially interested me because I had once done some research on Jewish characters in American novels written by non-Jews. I wanted to find out what non-Jewish Americans thought Jews were like as people, and even as a Jew I hoped to do it without bias and to learn scientifically, rather than preconceivedly decide that I would, of course, discover prejudiced stereotypes. In the course of my research I naturally had to go to sources on Negro stereotypes (and they *were* stereotypes) not only in novels, poetry and non-fiction, but movies—on which subject there was a far greater wealth of material than on Jewish characters (perhaps not true now or perhaps due to my incomplete research at the time). As far as I went, and here I express an unscientific opinion only, I definitely found stereotyped Jews in the novels written by non-Jewish Americans. Sinclair Lewis, whose influence on American letters and culture cannot be denied, like Charles Dickens (*Oliver Twist* and *Our Mutual Friend*) delineated unpleasant Jews, to put it mildly, and then apparently tried to balance the harm he had done in other novels with Jews of more favorable character. Of course, the danger in any such subject for a Jew is to lay himself open to the charge by the non-Jewish writer that Jews want to be presented in literature and elsewhere as only awfully lovable people and not as whatever they might really be.

As I remember it, Edith Wharton is certainly not the gal who can talk about any other non-Jew's "perfect Jew." Her Jew, Simon Rosedale in the *House of Mirth,* is the well known Jewish stereotype—*nouveau-riche,* social climber, hard-bargain-driver, calculating, inferiority-complex-driven neurotic, etc., etc., *ad nauseam.*

I heartily concur with Mr. Ausubel and yourself that whether or not Jews *ought to or not be* interested in Jewish culture, traditions, literature, etc., many *are* and they can't and shouldn't be ignored, even apart from where one's own sympathies and intellectual inclinations lie.

With best wishes for a successful future to NM as a cultured, scholarly publication (not long-haired stuff but the real McCoy!)

C. ROGERS.

South Orange, N. J.

To Virginia Gardner

TO NEW MASSES: I read Virginia Gardner's articles regularly and I want to extend my deep appreciation to her for the courageous stand she takes against racial discrimination by the various religious and Nazified groups on our home front.

To counteract this vicious attack on minorities we most urgently need to educate Americans who fall prey to this self-destructive menace. Therefore I heartily approve your campaign for a Jewish History Week. I am certain that such an annual project will make for greater national unity, and the preservation of our democracy, and will also add many new subscribers to your splendid publication.

ETTA KAUFMAN.

Chicago.

The Deserted

TO NEW MASSES: Most of the criticism of AMG in the States is only surface stuff. The racket boys who represent AMG here and in Germany are guilty of capital crimes against democracy. In effect, they are doing their level best to defeat the basic concepts for which we fought, and from my on-the-spot observation, Eisenhower's public statements about the "de-Nazification" is just so much eyewash. Incidentally, if you're not aware of the fact, shortly after V-E Day 600 *infantry* officers were pulled out of the First Army and given highly responsible positions in AMG. Even with good intentions these jokers don't have the background, education or understanding to tackle the problem of reorganizing Europe on a sound, democratic basis. And for the most part, AMG has degenerated into a hell-of-a-good-time clique for night club and drinking purposes. Everything that I've seen here substantiates the fact that the present American Army of Occupation is not capable of doing a constructive job, politically or otherwise.

As an infallible rule, AMG is treating the displaced of Europe in a shabby, high-handed manner, like the war's backwash of economic scum. And Eisenhower's statement in *Stars and Stripes* that Jewish refugees in American-occupied Germany generally have more housing space than the minimum required for US soldiers applies only to a very few cases. In the first place, American soldiers here are literally living off the fat of the land—whatever fat there is left; and secondly, in Austria many displaced persons—including Jews—roam homelessly through the streets, a fact that any American soldier of occupation will verify because it has assumed such alarming proportions. I have seen eight and nine displaced persons living in one room, half the size of our bedroom at home (eleven by fourteen feet), while former high members of the Nazi Party idle away, enjoying the comforts of their own homes. To cite a slight example (there are thousands along the same line), the dentist in one village near here is a notorious Nazi. His record is known to AMG because he has been investigated. When the SS troops overran the village shortly before the end of the war, this man worked hand-in-glove with them. However, he is still a free man and lives in a large two-story home surrounded by a cultivated "victory garden"!

Even in a small village of this size (600 population) there is so much evidence of AMG inefficiency, criminal indifference and utter dereliction of duty that everything we fought for seems to lose its meaning. To put it simply, the present AMG setup stinks on ice!

SGT. L. T.

Austria.

●

Psychoanalytical Note

(Attention Queen Wilhelmina, Gen. De Gaulle, Mr. Attlee)

The ample act takes too much time.
It's quicker to commit a crime.

DILYS BENNETT LAING.

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HENRY JAMES: MANDARIN?

By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

THE QUESTION OF HENRY JAMES: *Critical Essays, edited by F. W. Dupee. Holt. $3.75.* THE BOSTONIANS, *by Henry James. Dial. $3.* THE SHORT STORIES, *by Henry James, selected by Clifton Fadiman. Random House. $3.*

HERE are judgments and tributes and the comment implied in parody, written by some thirty novelists, critics and poets, on the work of Henry James.

One valuable effect of the collection is to make clear the amplitude and variety of this great writer and how impossible it is for one view to comprehend him. Often the views are contradictory, but they reflect contradictions in James himself. Thus, if some claim him as an American writer despite his expatriation, they can point to the preponderance of American characters in his work and to the weighting of virtues on the American side. On the other hand, an accounting by settings would give the balance to Europe; and there is enough to justify placing James as a sort of neuter operating in a border post of interpretation between America and Europe.

All the old debates on the effects of expatriation, on the subtilizing of the style, on the inner intention (the "figure in the carpet"), are reflected here. But these issues are being settled by pragmatic solutions. Expatriation may be wrong but some of James' masterpieces were written in his adopted land. The complexities of his last period certainly made some difficulties for the reader; but they also added richness and depth. Ranging from 1879 to 1942, the essays here show the immediate impression of a distinctive literary personality that James' first works made, and the steady growth from tentative appreciation to his present undisputed stature as an American master.

With several exceptions, such as T. S. Eliot's supercilious and tiresomely anti-intellectual dicta, the essays are well chosen, making the book particularly useful at this time when James' position in literature is being definitively set. As editor Mr. Dupee cautiously avoids committing himself to a final judgment—unless we assume that the fact that the favorable estimates come to a convincing majority reflects his own conclusions. In any event, it would be wisest for the reader to make his own decision and that is best done by a recourse to James himself. It is perhaps the principal virtue of Dupee's collection that it stimulates such a reading.

This is made more possible by the republication, this season, of a very interesting and long out-of-print novel by James, *The Bostonians;* and a collection of James' short stories edited with entirely unnecessary and obtrusive afterwords by the fashionable Mr. Clifton P. Fadiman. For Mr. Fadiman to turn his attention to this once obscure master may be the equivalent of a Fifth Avenue display. But James would have been far better served had the space taken up by Mr. Fadiman's "conversations" been given to more of the stories.

I SHOULD like, here, to touch on a typical devaluation of James which is, of course, represented in Mr. Dupee's collection. I first heard it from college instructors who repeated, term after term, that William James wrote philosophy like a novelist and Henry James novels like a philosopher. I saw this sort of judgment on James, again, in a recent column by Mike Gold who, after acknowledging James' achievements, elaborated a case against him as a man who rejected his audience by his exclusive "Mandarin" style.

B. Golden.

The assumption in such a view is that James made a perverse anti-social choice by being James. Choices, of course, are open to a writer, and those taken reflect the interaction of his literary personality with the life around him. But choices that would require a transformation of the literary personality itself are impossible. If a writer's gifts are for subtle observation and elaboration, it would be a mutilation of his artistic entity and an impoverishment of his legacy to humanity if he tried not to develop these gifts. Following the tendency in this condemnation of James as "Mandarin" to its logical conclusion, one would have to condemn Milton for not writing like Robert Burns, Keats for not writing sing-song narratives like Sir Walter Scott, or Charles Doughty for not writing desert adventure stories instead of his beautiful though difficult *Travels la Arabia Deserta;* or, for that matter Karl Marx for being Karl Marx instead of Stuart Chase.

Such a view, moreover, takes a one-sided view of the writer-reader relationship. For reading has value when the reader gives more than passive receptivity to what he reads, when he brings to it keen attention and collaborative understanding. The most rewarding reading is seldom that which comes easy.

It is in our capitalist society that getting cultural experiences *easy* is so insisted on. Capitalism puts the main emphasis on the cash transaction. Having paid for a thing the purchaser should be under no further obligation. Therefore audiences are encouraged to resent a play or a movie or a book that makes any special demand on their minds or emotions. It is this attitude that has helped to make our commercial culture so abysmally low, so much a matter of

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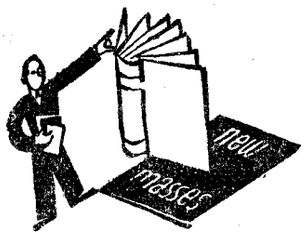

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The socialist aim, as I tried to show in a recent article on Soviet culture, is not to make culture easy, but to educate the average citizen to the point where even the most difficult expression of world culture will be accessible to him. We only fall into the capitalist trap when we reject good things because they call for effort. Lenin had this tendency in mind when he ridiculed "baby talk" to workers.

Hardly anything by James is light reading and some of his work is heavy going for any but the highly literate. But if there is guilt in that I would not put it on James—I would put it on our commercialized culture which encourages intellectual sloth and lives on it; which, if the masses were as bovine as the moguls would prefer, would long ago have reduced reading to a skimming of the funnies.

To Die—

PRATER VIOLET, *by Christopher Isherwood. Random House. $2.*

IT IS a tribute to Communist writers that the artist's responsibility to society has become a literary truism. Only a few years ago, Marxists were called philistines because they insisted that even the most private domain of the mind owed its debt to the struggling world outside. Today every poet and novelist of stature admits that he must be answerable for his work. But how to come to and from that work with clean hands? The charm of Isherwood's parable does not conceal his painful question.

The writer Isherwood has been hired by Imperial Bulldog Pictures, London, to do the script for *Prater Violet*, a nonsensical film about the Viennese flower vendor Toni, and Rudolf, the disguised Crown Prince of Borodania. He is to work with the Austrian director, Friedrich Bergmann. The latter is a strong, passionate man and sensitive artist, goaded by the contrast between what cries to be done by people like himself and what he is given to do by his master, the producer Chatsworth.

Bergmann and Isherwood begin their happy collaboration in the fall of 1933. The Reichstag Fire trial is under way and Bergmann reenacts the courtroom scenes for his young friend. When Bergmann says, "He," it is understood that he means the hero Dimitroff. Inspired by his own performance, he sheds for a moment his sarcasm about *Prater Violet*. He uses the figure of Rudolf to portray the declassed intellectual who flirts with revolution as the prince does with Toni. And he implies that Christopher is a kind of Rudolf himself, who believes only in his own ego.

The massacre of the Austrian workers in February 1934 has an almost disastrous effect on Bergmann. Anxiety for his wife and daughter in Vienna, coupled with shame at the triviality to which he must devote his talent, threatens to prevent his continuing the direction of the film.

"The picture! I s—— up the picture! This heartless filth! This wretched, lying charade! To make such a picture at such a moment is definitely heartless. It is a crime. It definitely aids Dollfuss, and Starhemberg, and Fey and all their gangsters. It covers up the dirty syphilitic sore with rose leaves, with the petals of this hypocritical reactionary violet. It lies and declares that the pretty Danube is blue, when the water is red with blood. . . . I am punished for assisting at this lie. We shall all be punished. . . ."

But he is stung by the hint that a new director, with few brains and no imagination, may be substituted for him. Treated like a gifted but difficult child, Bergmann slaves and inspires all those under him to slave toward the successful completion of Bulldog's silly romance. The picture gets good notices and full houses, and Bergmann goes to Hollywood with his family in 1935. The proof of genius is in the contract.

The irony of Bergmann's fate may seem obvious in the telling here. It is not so in the novel. Bergmann is no *type*. He is a full-bodied, lively and complex human being. A reader might think of Peeperkorn in *The Magic Mountain*. In one way Mann's character suffers from the comparison. Peeperkorn springs from Mann's bourgeois separation of the artist from the man creative in life. The retired colonial planter is measureless in his exploitation of others and in all his utterances. He is privileged never to finish his sentences. The rich man does not have to make sense. (Mann, of course, tones down the vulgarity of his heroic concept by identifying riches with natural endowment and power.) But Mann's hero is more of a clown than are the thinkers and artists upon whom he plays his urbane mockery and pity, those whom he sees drained of life and ridiculous for the sake of their thought and art.

Bergmann too is packed with life, but it is not Peeperkorn's Life with a capital L, overwhelming, heartless and ultimately self-destructive. Bergmann's life teems with street cries, letters to his wife, poems to his friends, sensual curiosity, taxi drivers, medical students,

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colonels and clergymen His art is not pitted against these, but mingles with them, as his understanding joins and embraces the accused at Leipzig, and Wallisch and the martyrs in Karl Marx Hof. Unlike Mann's artist figures, his work does not banish him from the world; loneliness is not his sacred lot. His sorrow is the pain of the true modern humanist who suffers when he must watch men's joy and creations corrupted or overrun by any form of death, and most by fascism. Otherwise he tries to infuse even the most miserable job with everyday truth and simple values. Recognizing necessity, in the deepest sense he makes the best of it.

And Isherwood? He is the man against whom Bergmann warned him, the flirting intellectual, "unable to cut himself free, sternly, from the bourgeois dream of the Mother, that fatal and comforting dream. He wants to crawl back into the economic safety of the womb. He hates the paternal, revolutionary tradition which reminds him of his duty as its son. . . ."

Only with Bergmann's help is he able to hear the dialogue which he must write. Without him he can contact only those who think in his own style, or who live for some few perfect moments without aim, past or future.

"We had spread our feelings over the whole world; and I knew that mine were spread very thin. I cared—oh, yes, I certainly cared—about the Austrian socialists. But did I care as much as I said I did, tried to imagine I did? No, not nearly as much. . . . What is the use of caring at all, if you aren't prepared to dedicate your life, to die? Well, perhaps it was some use. Very, very little."

Why is it always *dying* that writers speak of when they desert their own honesty? Yes, sometimes one must risk death, but that is not the point. It is that not caring at all comes first, and then the unwillingness to die. And why always the concentration on death? It is like a man who fears high places because he really wants to jump.

So not to die, but to live for the things his mind values as from afar, that is what Isherwood cannot get himself to do. And it is unfair of him to talk of his generation. Louis Aragon and Ralph Fox, who died in Spain, and thousands of others, have spread their hearts and blood not thin but thick ove e same world in the same generation.

It is better, thinks Isherwood, to walk about with the fear of being afraid, than to lose that fear, and loneliness, and need of J., K., L., and M. For to lose these is to "lose myself. No, no, that's more terrible than the bombs. More terrible than having no lover. That I can never face."

The parting from Bergmann is sadder, therefore, than Christopher suspects. For him "two other beings, anonymous, impersonal, without labels, had met and recognized each other, and had clasped hands. He was my father. I was his son. And I loved him very much." But what did Bergmann think of this son who loved him only as a symbolic father and only for an hour or two purified of hope or future? Who loved him for being everything that he, Christopher, would not allow himself to become? Of course, Bergmann loved him, but did he not judge him too?

During the war, the author Isherwood, living monastically in Hollywood (says the book jacket note), became a disciple of the Vedanta Society, a cult based on the ancient Indian Scriptures, the Vedas. Perhaps this exercise in detachment enabled him to see himself so clearly—though, alas, with such cowardly conclusion.

CHARLES HUMBOLDT.

Or to Live?

SEVEN TIMES THE LEADING MAN, *by Egon Hostovsky. Fischer. $2.75.*

THE scene is Prague in the thirties, in the years before the locusts swarmed down on the Voltava. Jaroslav, a young writer, finds himself drawn to the strange, brilliant, distorted personality of Kavalsky, an older writer, who has magnetized around himself a more or less willing group of admirers which includes his wife, his mistress, his sister, an actor, a doctor and a professor. These six, with Jaroslav, are the seven in whose lives Kavalsky is "leading man": for whom he is narcotic, stimulant; with whom they each identify themselves in their estrangement from ordinary people and their need to be superior, apart. Kavalsky's cynicism leads him to the verge of a positive, active participation in the Nazi plan of conquest; accompanied by Jaroslav he makes a dramatic plane dash to a secret Nazi congress of European intellectuals. ("Come on, Jaroslav," he says, "The world is calling us, the splendid whirlpool, and we'll leap into it headlong!") But even Kavalsky is repelled by the nakedness of their hate, and his frenzy is replaced by despair. In the end it is through him as catalyst that each of the seven finds his way to acceptance of the Nazi death or struggles to earn his place among the living.

Such are the bones of the plot upon which Egon Hostovsky has built his

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symbol for our times—for Prague's thirties and for our forties, in which we must make our decisions while the light is full on us and the offstage bomber grows more strident. It is the tale first of all of the middle class man—the talking man, the writing man, who perhaps more than any other has to make a decision today in cool blood, according to his conscience, between Kavalsky and the human race. It is not an easy decision; for the middle class person, even when he understands how to help to make a better world, is often uneasy, suspicious, torn in his allegiance, and most fatal of all, he falls into despair before "invincible" fascist armies and atom bombs because he feels alone and naked and without allies. "We shall collapse at the first blow, no matter where it is struck," declares Kavalsky. "Everything in the world will collapse. We are sick, terribly sick, and we hate health. We are going to live through such betrayals as the world has never even dreamed of before. It often seems to me that I myself am a picture of the world, the world in miniature. I fear the world because I abhor myself. . . . I am a pig, a dirty pig! . . . I am miserable, a greater and greater fear and anxiety gnaw at my nerves; step by step I am drawing closer to the precipice. I know it but I cannot change. Perhaps I adore extinction." And Jaroslav dances with Kavalsky's mistress, Irena, whose husband hanged himself, and who sinks her nails into Jaroslav's hand to know whether he can stand pain.

"I was dancing with death," he writes, "dressed up as a beautiful harlot, and I knew it! I was in love with futility and I was gorging myself on madness. He hanged himself! For her! She killed him! Ho, what a dance it was!"

The end of the dance for Irena is madness; for Jaroslav and the professor, escape into tormented exile; for the actor, treachery. But Kavalsky's wife finally leaves him and reaches out, fearfully, to the people; and his sister, too, and the doctor, wrench themselves out of the paralysis Kavalsky has laid upon them and find their places in the Underground.

Hostovsky is a sensitive, versatile writer. Except for an unnecessary introductory section advertising the story to come, he keeps his symbolic material under control; he avoids on the one hand barren schematic symbolic figures and on the other the temptation to speak a private language. The symbolic novel is a difficult form but he has mastered it and in *Seven Times the Leading Man*, as in his earlier symbolic novel, *The Hideout*, he has enriched our understanding of the dilemma which is also ours today.

BETTY MILLARD.

The Church in the S.U.

RELIGION TODAY IN THE USSR, *by Rev. William Howard Melish. National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, N. Y. 15c.*

ALTHOUGH every one in the United States has by now read about, and seen pictures of, the church and its leaders in present-day Russia, many ministers, priests, and church laymen in America even yet tend to believe that figures like Alexius and the late Sergei represent only a few "bogus" religious leaders who served as window-dressing for the Soviet Union in time of war.

They should read this pamphlet by Mr. Melish. With an objectivity which does not permit him to slur over such facts as the flight of thousands of church people from Eastern Poland at the approach of the Red Army, Mr. Melish lays bare the ignorance of the true Russian religious situation which caused such unnecessary epidemics of fear.

Far from suppressing the church, Melish points out, the advent of Soviet government has step by step freed the church from the corroding shackles of Czarism, so much so that the Archbishop of York could recently declare that "the Russian Church is enjoying a freedom it has not possessed for centuries."

Today hundreds of Russian Orthodox, Jewish, Mohammedan and Roman Catholic congregations enjoy, among other freedoms, full freedom to teach religion to their children in groups in the homes of neighbors and priests, freedom to print and distribute religious literature, freedom of theological education and training for their priests and other leaders, and freedom to proselytize for their several faiths, in the church, out of the church, and even, if they desire, at evangelical meetings on the street-corners! Young men who wished to study for the priesthood could even be released from Red Army service for that purpose during the war.

As to Roman Catholic Churches, in spite of the notion often held outside Russia that none are allowed, Mr. Melish points out that there are many Roman Catholic Churches, active, and enjoying full freedom, in the Soviet Union today. The Roman Catholic Church of St. Louis in Moscow, under Father Braun, has been serving for over a decade.

Roman Catholic parochial schools are not allowed, for all children are required

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to attend public schools, and missionary priests from abroad are not granted entrance. But Roman Catholics in all respects enjoy the same rights and privileges as other religious groups.

Mr. Melish does not spare harsh criticism for the anti-religious propaganda formerly carried on, and this will be a point of controversy with many students of Soviet affairs.

But by his eminent objectivity and clarity, and by his readiness to relate and speak forth without stint on all the facts, he has made this a pamphlet that will be received and read with interest and respect by truth-seeking churchmen everywhere.

HUGH WESTON.

Blurred Image

FLORESTAN: *The Life of Robert Schumann, by Robert Haven Schauffler. Holt. $3.*

ROBERT SCHUMANN'S profoundly tragic genius is a tempting subject for biographers with a penchant for amateur psychoanalysis. Robert Haven Schauffler has fallen for the bait—with somewhat unfortunate results. He has set out to "debunk" Schumann's wife, Clara, placing upon her shoulders much of the burden for the alleged "frustrations" in the composer's later years. But his own evidence—no less than the devastating refutation offered in the chronology of Schumann's works—speaks against Schauffler's thesis. The veriest tyro in psychology knows that frustrations are not foisted by one mature person on another.

Clara Schumann was a very remarkable woman, a brilliant pianist, and, in her mature period, a profound musician. She was a warm and understanding personality, who managed, despite the persecutions of a neurasthenic father, despite her innumerable family duties (she bore Robert eight children) and the constant attentions to a nervous and exigent husband, to make a happy wife and an inspiring companion. The letters of both artists suffice as refutation of Schauffler's "devastating" charges.

So much for the central thesis of the book. The other shortcomings follow, it seems to me, from this too intense and unsubstantiated preoccupation with Schumann's inner life: the failure to place Schumann in a historical framework; the inadequate delineation of the background of his life and work; the sketchy treatment of his relation to the Romantic poets of his day (who played a profound role in his intellectual growth); the blurred image of his uniqueness as creator.

Aside from being a great composer, Schumann was also the first great musician to devote himself to professional musical criticism, and his periodical, *Neue Zeitschrift*, marks an epoch in the history of musical appreciation. Here he carried on the war against the drab and intolerant philistinism of the German traditionalists. Here he befriended and defended the younger musicians—like Chopin and Brahms. Here he set the new standards for musical analysis. He regarded himself as a participant in the progressive battles of the day—and he fought hard and with courage. But one would scarcely gather this from the almost casual way in which his critical work is treated here. Schauffler occasionally offers penetrating musical analyses of Schumann's works (marred here and there by a tendency to discover thematic "sources"). But the general reader will not emerge with a deepened understanding of the man or the period.

FREDERIC EWEN.

Free and Equal

THE HIGH BARBAREE, *by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Little, Brown. $2.*
THE PEACOCK SHEDS HIS TAIL, *by Alice Tisdale Hobart. Bobbs Merrill. $2.75.*

JAMES NORMAN HALL and Charles Nordhoff do their best to preserve the shrinking realm of the exotic. But the old boys have lost their touch. The nails in the scenic walls are all so evident; the rocks so obviously plaster. A hasty epilogue admits it was all hokum, that this visit to a Paradise Isle by the lone hero, an airman shot down over the Pacific, was the last desperate dream of a dying man in a delirium.

But there are those who can go abroad and keep their focus clear—Alice Tisdale Hobart among them. In her novel we feel Mexico's struggle for democracy, the struggle of her people for land, for bread and dignity.

The Peacock, symbol of the rule of the landed Spanish aristocracy, had spread its plumes long over this smoldering land. The redistributed lands won by the Revolution of 1910 were slowly slipping out of the hands of the people, back to the Spanish overlords.

Concha, born into the aristocratic Navarro family, is the central figure of this novel. Separated from her past by her marriage to the Protestant American, James Buchanan, she is looked upon with distrust by the Mexican people. But her isolation does not last long. When the people of Mexico fight the overlords, Concha fights with them.

Falangists and Sinarquistas seek to exploit the disillusionment of the people, while the big brother to the North proves deaf to their needs. Germany strengthens its grip and Franco speaks loudly about Mexico belonging to the old world and again becoming part of Spain. But there is never submission. This stirring novel captures the spirit of a people who sing in their public squares:

In a democracy
Men are free and equal.

In our democracy,
Now that the peacock has shed his tail
Every little animal has his say on Election Day.

EUGENE FELDMAN.

On Iwo Jima

THE US MARINES ON IWO JIMA, *by Capt. Raymond Henri, 1st Lt. Jim G. Lucas, T/Sgts. W. Keyes Beech, David K. Dempsey, Alvin M. Josephy, Jr. Drawings by Corp. Tom Dunn. Dial Press. $3.50.*

"THE U. S. MARINES ON IWO JIMA" is an unofficial summary of a bloody engagement compiled by five official Marine combat writers. As a factual tribute to the bravery of our fighting men it rises above the monotony of a military report by its unstinting references to the individuals who fought and fell in the battle. Many of these are named, and their exploits told, against a background of valor, misery, mud and death.

Like most combat reports, it has about it an air of neutrality. When this leads the authors to picture the courage of the Japanese soldier as equal to that of our own, one can say that the fact has been demonstrated militarily. But when this impartiality permits uncritical repetition of praise of an adversary, neutrality smells like mangled flesh, as when a Marine colonel is reported to have remarked "with great restraint" of the Japanese commander on Iwo, "You might say that he served his country well." No, colonel, sir, *you* might say it. History will say that his country and his masters whom he served were not the same thing.

The book has an appendix which lists the Marines dead and missing in the action, and the nationalities suggested by the names spell out a compact United Nations. And if by night there is a restless rattling of bones beneath the 5,500 American graves dug out of the island's volcanic ash, it may be because some prejudiced GI in Tokyo is saying, "You might say that Hirohito served his Emperor very well."

MACK ENNIUS.

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Europe's Democracies

(*Continued from page 16*)

equality, etc. The Soviet system is therefore the highest form of political democracy. It is consistent democracy, something which cannot be said of those countries where democracy is only formal, where the right to work is only a dream and where many other rights, as far as the majority of the population is concerned, are purely nominal.

It is an unpardonable crime in the eyes of certain champions of the Western conception of democracy that the liberated countries of Eastern Europe in their foreign policies have adopted a firm course of friendship with the Soviet Union. It should be stated that as a rule this accusation is not made openly. However, hints are broad enough. In particular there is the disposition to deny the governments of a number of countries the right to call themselves democratic on the grounds that in the opinion of certain interested circles in Britain and America they are going too far in the matter of economic cooperation with the Soviet Union.

This attitude betrays a hearty contempt for geographical and historical facts. As to geography, one has only to glance at the map to realize how vitally necessary it is for such countries as Rumania, Hungary and Poland to maintain close economic contact with their great eastern neighbor. And as regards history, everybody knows that in the post-Versailles period the absence of normal economic relations with the Soviet Union was a result of the malevolent anti-Soviet policy of circles which then ruled the neighboring countries and that it did grave injury to vital interests of the peoples of these countries.

This argument, moreover, testifies to an obvious disregard of the indisputable interests of the Soviet Union, which is scarcely calculated to make for lasting cooperation among the great powers. What would the authors of the argument say if a protest were raised against close economic ties between, say, Mexico or Canada and the United States or between Holland or Denmark and Great Britain? One must be blind indeed not to realize that the Soviet Union, which occupies one-sixth of the land surface of the globe, has every right to establish close economic ties with its immediate neighbors in the west and east.

How is this blindness to be explained? Light is thrown on this question by certain foreign observers who believe that Anglo-American pressure on the Balkans, and on Rumania in particular, is being exercised under the influence of commercial interests. And perhaps those observers are not far from the truth who profess to detect in many of the discussions in the foreign press on the subject of democracy a distinct smell of oil. *La Turquie*, for instance, one of the very few progressive Turkish papers, wrote in the middle of September: "Why did the English reactionaries immediately pounce on the Rumanian question and play upon it with such astonishing unanimity? The answer to this question is extremely simple and has nothing to do with the professed necessity to protect democracy. The crux of the matter is Rumanian oil. Anybody who knows anything at all about the interest displayed by Wall Street and the City in the Ploesti oil region will not be surprised at the violent reaction of these circles to Rumanian-Soviet rapprochement."

That the oil trusts regard every problem from the standpoint of their own interests is quite understandable. At the same time, there are many who would like to see a "Greek regime" established in all liberated countries. But what has this got to do with democracy? And if the reactionaries loudly call for "a firm policy" towards the Soviet Union, one need not doubt that what they mean is a hidebound policy which ignores the enhanced role of the Soviet Union in international affairs. Nor need one doubt that this policy is scarcely likely to earn any laurels for its champions.

Such are the arguments of the proponents of the Western conception of democracy. As we see, they are not very convincing. Yet they are indicative of definite tendencies which must not be overlooked when analyzing present-day international affairs. These tendencies are not new. After the First World War those same circles, whose views are expressed today in terms of Western conceptions of democracy, readily reconciled themselves to such regimes as that of the butcher Horthy in Hungary, or of the Pilsudski adventurers in Poland, of the fascist Tsankov in Bulgaria. Nobody thought of drawing a distinction between Western and Eastern conceptions of democracy then. Any anti-popular regime was considered a good one, provided it pursued a policy hostile to the Soviet Union. That was the time when many of the statesmen of Western democracies considered it the height of wisdom to create a *cordon sanitaire* around the Soviet Union. In the West nowadays there is a reluctance to recall the *cordon sanitaire*. That is not surprising, for that policy ended in fiasco and was utterly discredited in the eyes of the peoples. Annoyance is often expressed abroad when the Soviet Union finds it necessary to issue a reminder of these lessons of the recent past. But in this case the annoyed ones have only themselves to blame. For many conceptions of international policy today quite distinctly bear the hallmark of the inglorious post-Versailles policy of the Western powers.

At the same time even some of the new notes in the old refrains are far from harmonious with the principles of democracy and international cooperation. Take for example the persistent campaign conducted in some American newspapers demanding that the United States use its monopoly of atomic bomb production to extend "American ideals" and the "American conception of democracy" to the whole world. These undisguised appeals for the world dominion of one power are usually accompanied by attacks on the Soviet Union, which is accused of "power politics" and of "unilateral actions." But the real motives of their plans for "atomic democracy" are perfectly clear. And Walter Lippmann, the conservative American journalist, is undoubtedly right when he notes in this connection: "If we allow fools among us to brandish the atomic bomb with the idea that it is a political argument, we shall certainly end by convincing the rest of the world that their own safety and dignity compel them to unite against us."

As to the Soviet people, all their sympathies and good will are with the democratic forces in their fight to extirpate fascism and to eliminate its consequences. The Soviet Union, faithful to its principles of respecting the sovereignty and independence of small countries and of not interfering in their internal affairs, is consistently pursuing the policy of supporting the democratic regimes in liberated Eastern European countries. This is borne out by its establishment of diplomatic relations with Finland, Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary, by the series of political and economic agreements it has concluded with these countries, and by the food relief and other economic assistance it has rendered them. This policy is not only in the interest of our country and of our immediate neighbors; it also serves to consolidate the victory over fascism—that supreme aggressor—and to promote international peace, social progress, and the triumph of democracy.

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SIGHTS and SOUNDS

"STRANGE FRUIT"

Reviewed by MATT WAYNE

THOUGH not the powerful drama that it could have been, there are many things to be thankful for in *Strange Fruit,* the play which Lillian Smith has made of her best-selling novel. It possesses a virtue which so many of our plays lack—the quality of seeming to include many aspects of life, the non-confined atmosphere of panorama. Anyone who has spent time in the South will recognize the air of lethargy that surrounds the movements and thinking of the characters. Through use of many seemingly unnecessary subsidiary townspeople and millhands the play builds what is sometimes a compelling illusion of an entire town spreading out beyond the wings.

Stagewise, it is the tendency toward the unconventional that accounts for many of *Strange Fruit's* virtues as a play; but this unconventionality seems to spring from ignorance of the theater's demands rather than mastery reaching out to new ranges. Obviously unwilling to forget her book, Miss Smith has included scenes which pass by without leaving a trace of story or additional characterization, and become mere stretches of monotonic talk. The novel can reach out to do a scene which is of only minor consequence to the main story, but the dynamic nature of the stage requires that the filling out of the illusion be accomplished in scenes that are themselves highly significant. The play *Strange Fruit* contains too much that hardly matters.

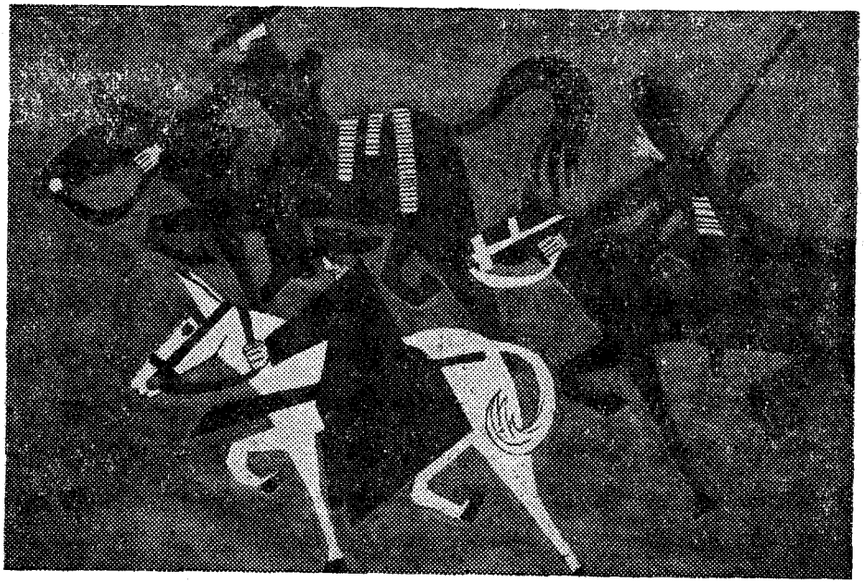
But its chief shortcoming is the characterization of Tracy Deen, the white man of good family, and Nonny, the young Negress with whom he is in love. Tracy in the novel may have been the man without will that he is in the play but in print he evoked a measure of sympathy that his stage counterpart fails to summon. So spineless a hero cannot successfully carry a tragedy as weighty as *Strange Fruit.* Moreover, Miss Smith, in her attempts to keep the book's outline, has underwritten some scenes necessary to fulfill her dramatic intention. One is Tracy's conversion to the church. It is through emotional surrender to evangelical soul-saving that the town clears its conscience, and it is consequently when Tracy gives himself to the church that he really deserts Nonny —and all that is honorable and truly good in his life. But, on the stage, the social and psychological meaning of this step for Tracy and Nonny are left untouched.

As for Nonny, she is as she was in the novel—a mood of sorrow rather than a person. Unexpressively played by Jane White, her scenes with Tracy are so emotionally understated as not to be stated at all. Melchor Ferrer as Tracy can hardly be evaluated as an actor, for he must say volumes with lines that reveal little.

The one performance in the play that by itself almost makes seeing *Strange Fruit* worthwhile is that of Juano Hernandez as Dr. Sam Perry. Watching him take the stage one is almost ready to believe that, with a whole cast of his caliber the play would have captured the town. Earl Jones, too, as Tracy's lifelong Negro playmate and friend, carries off the character of a lumbering, slow-witted man without once losing the dignity of his person, a hard thing to do.

From the theatrical view, which is the view that keeps a play running or folds it up, *Strange Fruit* captures the atmosphere of a Southern town, and in the telling of its story comes up with a few stirring scenes. But this is not enough to cancel its ineffectual characterizations, the often bad selection of scenes and a consequent blurring of intent. Jose Ferrer, who staged the play, can be credited with maintaining evenness of mood, but his casting—if it was his—verged on the favoring of amateurs, and little variety of pace is apparent. Mark it down as a powerful try.

AN AMATEUR group with enough proficiency to recommend it to the public is the Dramatic Workshop of the New School, which gives weekend performances of the modern and ancient classics at the President Theater. If only because it represents the single New York attempt to create a repertory theater it deserves attention, but in much of last weekend's production the group merited praise on any grounds. Luigi Pirandello's tour de force, *Tonight We Improvise,* was the play. For the first time in ages a New York theater saw an audience join with actors in a kind of joy now strange to us in our con-



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ventionalized atmosphere. Despite shortcomings due to inexperience, the project will serve as a liberating force if it continues its present course. It is a place to go for a good time as well as for a reminder of how varied the drama can be.

The coming schedule is: Chekhov's *The Marriage Proposal*, plus Tolstoy's *The Cause of It All*, December 22 and 23, both repeated on January 12 and 13; the Soviet play *The Aristocrats*, by Nikolai Pogodin, January 19, 20, 26 and 27; and Gerhard Hauptmann's *Hannele's Way To Heaven*, February 2 and 3.

"The Lost Weekend"

PARAMOUNT's few departures from its rut are generally due to the work of Billy Wilder and Charles Brackett, writer-director-producer team of *The Lost Weekend* (Rivoli). They have made a strong, adult film from Charles Jackson's novel of a dipsomaniac, and had they steered clear of the Cinderella ending, dramatic overindulgence, and as occasional blurring of character, they would have dethroned *The Informer* as Hollywood's reigning model. Although *Double Indemnity*, their previous effort, handles its people in truer focus, *The Lost Weekend* is more esthetically satisfying. It persistently evokes pity and horror; pity over the dying will and sensibilities of a civilized man, horror over the swift, debasing power of his mania, and both pity and horror over the destruction it wreaks within his intimate circle. Moreover, for the first time in modern American screen history, the drunk is no amiable clown, but is depicted in all his sordid actuality—one more victim of capitalism's indifference to the fate of the individual.

The film's failings are in the behavior of Birnam, the lush, who does not always conform to the image set up for him. At one point, after drinking enough ponies to lay out the average man, plus a full quart of rye, his talk continues lucid, his gait steady. There is some confusion, too, between Birnam the frustrated writer, and Birnam the drunk. Although, in his total personality one affects the other, I found it frequently difficult to know whether his pain was psychiatric (the frustrated writer—in which case he could have been sober all his life) or the result of an unappeased and endless craving for liquor.

But what really keeps the film short of masterpiece dimensions is the unfortunate ending and its pretentious musical setting. In the grim scene of the alcoholic ward the loud score almost washes out the cries of the DT victims, and with them the dramatic purpose of the entire sequence. Again, in Birnam's private deliriums the obtrusive music spoils what would have been a really gripping business, sounding like an offscreen voice shouting, "Boy, isn't this dramatic!"

Although the ending is managed with more restraint than usual, it is, in relation to the reality of the whole, the same old happy ending. Birnam's counterpart can be found any day prowling the Bowery in search of Sterno or even rubbing alcohol to appease his thirst. Because he is incapable of directing his will, Birnam kicks away his self-respect, his girl, his ambitions; he lies, steals, cheats, begs—anything for a snort—yet when the footage draws to a close, he is able to look the booze straight in the eye and turn it down. For Wilder suddenly to have endowed this man with moral strength, after the film concentrates on successfully drowning it, is inexcusable. Nothing has been shown that in any way alters the conditions responsible for his dereliction. Neither society, nor his friends, have had him psychoanalyzed or brought him understanding, or in any way made it easier for him to be a writer.

Direction (except for the defects noted), acting and camera work give *The Lost Weekend* a tone of harsh reality. I liked particularly the early scenes wherein Birnam, kept from his liquor, is rude and short-tempered with his friends. He is a plausible and sly dipso as he plans to get rid of them, a tortured animal in his frantic search for bottles he has hidden in moments of comparative sobriety, a crafty sot in his theft of a handbag, a broken, miserable boozehound in his desperate search for an open pawnshop on a holiday, a degenerate excuse for a human being when he scrounges money from a tart.

The cameraman does a fine job recording the streets and storefronts of midtown Third Avenue, in New York, contributing an excellent background realism to Birnam's trudging quests for liquor.

As Don Birnam, Ray Milland does the best job of his career. Wilder like John Ford, seems to have the ability to get the very best out of people. Remember Fred MacMurray and Barbara Stanwyck in *Double Indemnity*, or

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Claire Trevor in *Stagecoach, or* Victor McLaglen and others in *The Informer?* Of great help in *Weekend* also are Jane Wyman, as the patient girl friend, Howard Da Silva as the barkeep, Doris Dowling as the barroom tart.

There has been talk that Schenley, fearing the effects of the film on the liquor-drinking habits of the nation, offered Paramount huge gobs of money to keep it off the screen. Even Paramount must have felt a quirk or two. Somewhere during the film, the point is made that barrooms do not open until one o'clock on Sundays to give the bartender time for church; this argues that so long as the very guardian of the rumpots is a God-fearing and respectable man, Birnam is no representative of saloon life.

ADDENDUM: I hope the advent of this film does not confuse you as it did a man who called up and wanted to know where *Lost Weekend at the Waldorf* was playing.

THE latest pirate picture is *Captain Kidd* with Charles Laughton as the Kidd. Historically, the film is a joke, a child's adventure story. As such it would have been highly successful except for the prurience with which the men regard the girl of the film.

The character of the pirate chief is determined by Laughton's bulk. Since he cannot vault the gunwales or the halyards, or whatever it is that a master of derring-do vaults, he sits and spins his crafty plans like a spider in waiting. Despite his immobility, he manages to manufacture a fair amount of threat and menace; but as in all juvenile adventure yarns, justice finally gives him the works.

JOSEPH FOSTER.

Records

ASCH continues in his unpretentious but remarkable way to provide some of the most interesting of contemporary recordings, especially in the field of documentaries. The latest of these is a dramatic fragment of recent history, *The Liberation of Paris* (Asch 50, four twelve-inch records). This is a literal transcript of a historic broadcast, realistically and vividly punctuated by the sound of guns, the shouts and singing of frantically happy people, and includes the classic *Song of the French Underground,* a sudden warning broadcast to Nazis against harming French hostages, and the speeches of Bidault, de Gaulle and Eisenhower. The English commentary of Orson Welles and Emling Etting is both enlightening and unobtrusive.

From the same company we have another excellent contribution to Americana, *Struggle, Documentary No. 1* (Asch, three ten-inch records), consisting of songs born of social protest and of the bitter early struggles of American trade unionism. Woody Guthrie sings these simply and movingly. Here you have *Buffalo Skinners, Pretty Boy Floyd* (the Robin Hood of the West), and those indictments of monopoly violence, *Ludlow Massacre, 1913 Massacre* and *Union Burying Ground.* I hope that the success of this set will encourage the continuation of this very important series of progressive Americana. Parenthetically, I would call attention to the extraordinary and vivid picture one can obtain in the other recordings produced by Asch of the most progressive aspects of the Roosevelt era, especially in *Music for Political Action, Songs of Citizen CIO, Songs of the Lincoln Brigade,* the *American Folksay* album, *Ballad for FDR,* and *Strictly GI.* They should prove particularly valuable in these crucial Truman days.

IT IS a far cry from the CIO to *Die Walkure,* the entire third act of which the Columbia Broadcasting Company has just issued (Columbia MM-581, eight twelve-inch records). I am not enthusiastic over this Wagnerian opera, which I consider, for the most part, bombastic and flatulent, though its over-long duologues are occasionally relieved by moments of rare beauty. But this recording is none the less remarkable not merely for its completeness, but also for its excellent qualities of voice and orchestra. Helen Traubel sings *Brunnhilde* beautifully; Herbert Janssen is a persuasive and resonant Wotan; and Mr. Rodzinski leading the Philharmonic neither overwhelms the singers nor limits himself to mere accompaniment. Wagnerites will want this set.

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN's performance of Beethoven's *Appassionata* and of the Third Piano Concerto on recent records puzzle me. I would scarcely have believed that it was the same pianist. His *Appasionata* (Victor DM-1018, three twelve-inch records), is hectic, unevenly paced and phrased; its dynamics are exaggerated. This is a feverish Beethoven. But the Third Piano Concerto, perhaps because of the influence of Toscanini's accompaniment, is wonderfully poetic and restrained (Victor DM-1016, four twelve-inch records).

FREDERIC EWEN.

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Scuttling Roosevelt

(*Continued from page* 3)

come. The same is true in regard to small retailers and manufacturers and professional people. The nation's biggest customers are the workers and their families, and their purchasing power is the barometer of the national welfare. By short-circuiting their efforts to maintain take-home pay and encouraging a still greater concentration of wealth in the hands of a few the Truman proposal would accelerate those trends in capitalism that are driving our country toward a new and greater crash.

This legislation will pass, however, only by default of the people's energy and will. The Communist Party has proposed a threefold program for a concerted attack locally and nationally by the CIO, AFL, Railroad Brotherhoods and United Mine Workers against this and similar legislation, a coordinated drive for a thirty percent wage increase, and joint political action in behalf of a progressive program. Such fusion of labor efforts is critically urgent. Labor should also take the initiative in calling conferences which would include farmers' organizations, small business, professional, church and consumers' groups. And don't forget to remind your Congressmen that the folks back home haven't lost their voices—or their votes.

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